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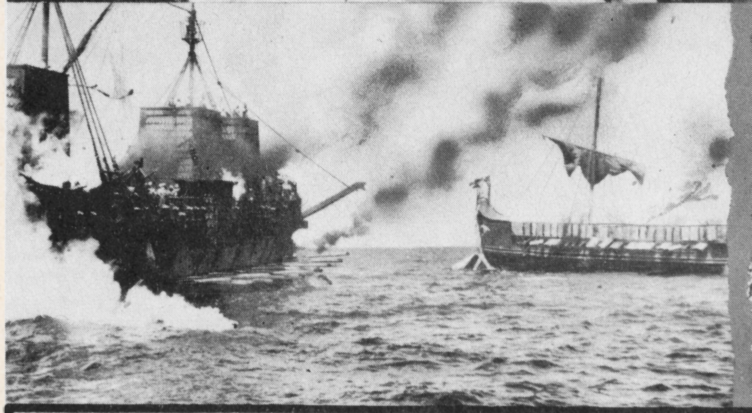
JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ'

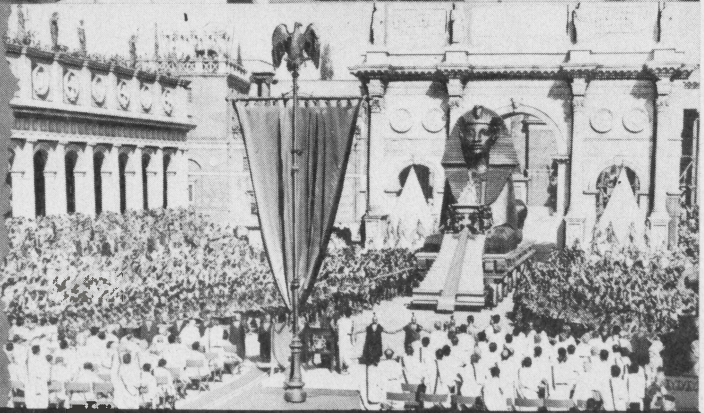
CLEOPATRA A

ALSO STARRING
PAMELA BROWN / GEORGE COLE / HUME CRONYN
CESARE DANOVA / KENNETH HAIGH / RODDY McDOWALL

PRODUCED BY WALTER WANGER / DIRECTED BY JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

SCREENPLAY BY JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ, RANALD MacDOUGALL AND SIDNEY BUCHMAN / MUSIC BY ALEX NORTH / COLOUR BY DE LUXE





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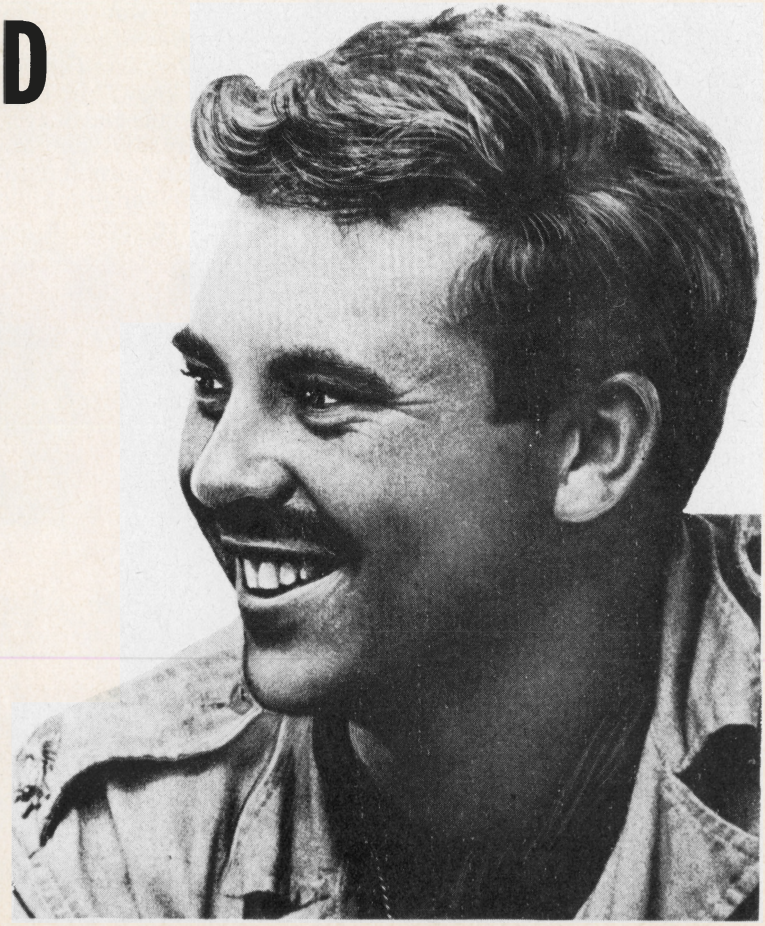

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SHOWTIME

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Volume 2, Number 10 *October, 1965*

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SOPHIA LOREN
(Photo: Willy Rizzo)

THE TONY CRAWLEY COLUMN

FILMING THE SPIES

I'M revealing no official secrets when I say that spy films are still happening—thick and fast. About 100 of them. In Britain, America, Europe, even the Far East. Still acknowledged as the best spy-maker of all, though, is our man in Bondonia: TERENCE YOUNG.

A natural choice. After all, he directed the first 007 capers, *Dr. No* and *From Russia With Love*, and returned to the fold after GUY HAMILTON's *Goldfinger*, to make this year's huge hit: *Thunderball*. But will Terry stay at the helm for the next two: *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* and *You Only Live Twice* . . .?

"Don't know," he told me at Pinewood. "At the end of every Bond film, I always say: *This is my last*. Never is—they're too much fun to leave. And excellent training for a director, too. I like to have speed in my work. The Americans always cut their teeth on Westerns. We had only war-films to help us locate the right tempo and so forth. Bond is better practice still."

Bond apart, Terence Young still has two other espionage films for us. Highly international projects, both.

Film No. 1 is *Secret War*, a triple-yarn thriller, with France's CHRISTIAN-JACQUE, Italy's CARLO LIZZARI and Terence directing a story apiece. "Mine deals with the last night on earth of an American agent—played by HENRY FONDA," said Young. "He's been placed behind the Iron Curtain for 22 years, awaiting orders for, perhaps, just one job. Now he's called to Berlin, and arrives a day early. Unaware of his importance, the authorities place him—completely unguarded—in an hotel. This is where PETER VAN EYCK tries to kill him."

Film No. 2 is nothing short of sensational, star-wise. It's the fifth in the series of special UNO features. Written, shortly before his death, by

Continued on page 6

First in line for a role in next year's Bond film—Finland's TAMARA LUND. See story page 6.

NOTHING STOPS THE BIG T MEN!

EXPLOSIVES

BIG T

No job's too tough. No conditions too rough. Men don't come any tougher. And that goes for the boots they're wearing. Tuf Big T. Rugged as only Tuf can make 'em. They've got uppers of Texas Ranch Hide—saddle stitched. Thick, cleated rubber soles, with welded waterproof seams to keep out the weather. And Big T are a real comfort to work in—flexible as your foot and actually a quarter of a pound lighter than ordinary work boots. Step into Big T—they're men's boots—so strong, they're **GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS AGAINST ALL REPAIR BILLS.**

Tuf AMERICAN BOOT

The Tony Crawley Column continued

from page 4

IAN FLEMING, the story details narcotics smuggling from Iran to Naples to Cairo to Marseilles and on to the drugpushers.

Then, quite unemotionally, Terence reeled off the names of the ten top stars—who'll earn only 100 dollars a day. As he went on and on, my eyes popped in sheer amazement.

The cast? CLAUDIA CARDINALE, KIM NOVAK, ROMY SCHNEIDER, SIDNEY POITIER, RICHARD WIDMARK, RICHARD JOHNSON, WILLIAM HOLDEN, STEPHEN BOYD, YUL BRYNNER . . .!

And the tenth? SEAN CONNERY. "But," declared Terry firmly, "he will not, repeat NOT, play an agent. Something altogether different."

Richard Johnson will be the agent. About time, too. For, you may remember, he was very nearly the screen's James Bond.

Meet dewy-eyed Finnish actress-singer TAMARA LUND—who might well be one of James Bond's 1966 girls. During the summer, Tamara popped into Pinewood studios to watch 007 at work. And the production team almost stopped filming to watch her.

The 23-year-old daughter of a Russian father and a Finnish mother, Tamara is having an unusual career. She acts in the theatre back home in Finland, not having made a film for two years "because we're all on strike for more money. That's why I became a pop-singer . . . I have to eat." Previously, she studied drama in Moscow for six months, ending her course by playing Eliza Doolittle in a Russian production of My Fair Lady.

Now, with a little bit of luck, she'll become a Bond girl. She's quite prepared for the experience. As she told our photographer, while revealing her very attractive 92–58–92 (centimetres!): "I don't undress for pin-ups in Finland. But it's required in England . . . and Bond films, yes?" Yes!

Sitting on a hot property and a big problem is producer CHARLES K. FELDMAN. He owns the rights to the first 007 book, *Casino Royale*—and despite all outside offers, intends to film it on his own. A young Irish actor called TERENCE COOPER, who has been under contract to Feldman for two years, may be the new Bond. Then again, he may not.

Feldman might be able to get SEAN CONNERY if he waits two years; but he intends having his Bond film out next summer. PETER SELLERS turned the role and the million-dollar fee down. Sellers appears in Feldman's *What's New, Pussycat?* and the producer is so delighted with him, he comments: "He could write his own ticket if he directed *Casino* for me."

Whatever happens, Feldman insists that the film will not begin, as some wit suggested, with the new Bond's back to the camera and "M" saying: "James, your face has become too well known; we've decided to send you to a plastic surgeon."

IN SCANDINAVIA, BRIGITTE BARDOT'S *ESPIONAGE-COMEDY,* RAVISHING IDIOT, *HAS BEEN RE-TITLED* AGENT 006. *ALL OF WHICH MADE ME THINK WHAT A FABULOUS BB (BOND BIRD) BB WOULD MAKE. BUT 007'S '65 STUNNER,* CLAUDINE AUGER, *DISAGREES: "I KNOW BRIGITTE VERY WELL; MY HUSBAND ONCE MADE A MOVIE WITH HER. SHE'S ADORABLE, BUT TOO SHY TO BE A BOND GIRL, I THINK. SHE ALWAYS PLAYS HERSELF AND NEEDS SCRIPTS WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR HER."*

Stars come and stars go, but stand-ins go on for ever. Or so it seems. Talking to SEAN CONNERY's stand-in (not double, mind you: stand-in for when the sets are being prepared for shooting, etc.), I discovered he did the same job for JACK HAWKINS for some ten years. He has also stood-in for such opposite stars as CARY GRANT and JACK PALANCE. His name: BILL BASKERVILLE. You'll see him in *Thunderball*—he plays a SPECTRE tough guy.

Just had a drink with a killer, RICHARD BURTON's executioner. actually. We 00's get about, you know! Nice bloke, he was. Name of SCOT FINCH—the baby-faced assassin (above) who disposes of Burton—and CLAIRE BLOOM—at the bitter end of *The Spy Who Came In From The Cold*.

"Hated doing it," said Scot, flashing his best killer's leer. "Meant the end of the film.

"It was my smallest part, but my biggest film. And, at first, my most alarming film. Well, to find Richard Burton, or ELIZABETH TAYLOR, waiting with a cup of tea for you after a 'take' on location is pretty unnerving, to say the least. They're great people once you get to know them.

"Richard is a superb raconteur; kept Claire and me enthralled for hours with his theatre stories. Elizabeth was always on the set. Not as The Big Star—just as Richard's wife. Far from frightening, she is very kind, very warm—wonderful company. Even after I knocked off her old man!"

Last word in luxury—a bed designed for five. Made for *Our Man Flint*: JAMES COBURN. And, looking at this picture, it would appear he needs it.

Hollywood's answer to James Bond—JAMES COBURN as *Our Man Flint*—boasts as many gadgets and luxuries as our man 007. A beauty queen co-star, too. James B's MARTINE BESWICK was Miss Jamaica, 1961; James C's GILA GOLAN was Miss Israel, 1961. Some vintage!

Called in to see one of last year's 007 girls, MARGARET NOLAN, in her new flat. Remember her as the golden girl in the award-winning *Goldfinger* titles? She had just returned from Paris, having finished her first French film, *Three Rooms In Manhattan*—directed by one of Europe's top film-makers, MARCEL CARNE. "In temperament, he's like a Parisian Preminger," Maggie decided. "He shouts. He screams. Oh, we didn't get on at all well. Not at first."

Topping Italy's spy-charts is *Gold Agent* TONY RUSSELL—with MARIA PERSCHY.

English "Boysie" Oakes becomes American in *The Liquidator* film. Australian ROD TAYLOR stars with GABRIELLA LICUDI.

Almost a millionaire at 34, on the strength of just two books. That's JOHN LE CARRE (real name: DAVID CORNWELL), author of The Spy Who Came In From The Cold. *His comment: "I don't think I've written a good book yet." Film-makers disagree. His second spy-drama,* The Looking-Glass War, *has been snapped up already.*

BOB SIMMONS, the handsome stunt ace who revealed all his *Genghis Khan* battle secrets in our last issue, is one of the brilliant back-room boys on *Thunderball*. His motto: "Never ask anyone to do anything I wouldn't do." And he proves it in this latest 007 thriller—by dressing up as a woman for the most surprising and kinky precredit sequence.

Apart from the birds, the Bond films offer great scope to character actors who make good villains. IAN FLEMING once confessed his greatest enjoyment in his writing was the creation of his famed double-dyed villains. Now the search is on for Bond's greatest adversary: Ernst Stavro Blofeld, chief of SPECTRE. So far he has turned up in only one of the films (*From Russia With Love*)—and then only his hands were seen. ANTHONY DAWSON provided the hands; ERIC POHLMAN the voice. For the next 007 film they need the lot. Any ideas?

Publicity for the *Secret War* film, which Terence Young helped make, brings in just about every other spy angle. The film is called "a fortuitous blending of James Bond and *The Man From UNCLE* . . . the spy story that will not be left out in the cold." Oh, well.

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ELIDA
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Jane Reynolds talks to the man who married Hollywood's most eligible bachelor girl

KIM? She has her problems-

says Richard Johnson

"LUCKILY no-one has called me Mr. Novak yet. Except once, and that was by accident, so it's forgiveable!" Mr. Novak—sorry—Richard Johnson, grinned. Not a friendly grin by any means. The chilliness was unmistakable.

As far as most of the film-going world is concerned, Richard Johnson is a mystery man. A mystery man who walked out of the wings and astonished the world by marrying Kim Novak—the star they called Hollywood's most eligible bachelor girl. The girl with the dazzling grey-green eyes, the cloud of silver-ash hair and the most glamorous date-book in town.

And the girl who, moreover, in a show business merry-go-round of quick marriages and ever quicker divorces, stayed

Continued on page 36

> 'I must be prepared to let her get away with a lot of things... her tantrums and temperaments'

A MIKE TOMKIES INTERVIEW

What my marriage means to me

Stanley Baker talking

HE is tough, not only physically (he spars with British heavyweight champion Henry Cooper), but in his head and his heart . . . in the way he goes about his life.

The determination behind that clenched granite jaw reflects something of the battle this son of a Welsh miner has fought to escape the grime of the Rhonda Valley, where he was born during the Depression years of the late 1920's.

His deep Welsh voice, each phrase measured carefully, gives a clue to the guts needed to conquer his early years of near-starvation in London, when he washed dishes, sold socks and worked as a waiter—while trying to convince show business chiefs that *he* was an actor they should employ.

Yet today Stanley Baker is so far ahead of the game it hurts his envious

> **"Ellen runs my money, my investments, my home . . . the whole thing. She is a constant strength behind me"**

rivals even to think of his name. He is almost disgustingly wealthy; lives with his wife (former actress Ellen Martin) and their four children in a beautiful Wimbledon mansion with its own swimming pool; drives a Bentley and an E-type Jaguar; gambles heavily up in the thousands; and throws as many parties as anyone else in the business.

His image, both on film and in real life, is that of a hard-drinking, hard-gambling, hard-hitting hell-raiser.

He *is* all these things, but a lot more too. For now he is not only an international star but also one of Britain's most dynamic film producers.

His production of *Zulu*, which he made with partner Cy Endfield, not only hit the jackpot all over the world, but was a lesson in well-organised film making to every other producer.

Now he looks set to hit the jackpot once more with *Sands Of The Kalahari* in which he again stars and produces.

Hearing that he was back from location filming in the blistering heat of the West African deserts, and was down at Shepperton completing the film, I went to see him.

And it was during our talk that Stanley Baker revealed a side of his nature that few would dream he possessed. The *soft* side.

I was trying to get him to talk more about his off-screen life, as a family man, so I asked him:

"*Stanley, you once said you had no head for money but that your wife Ellen had. Is Ellen just the little wife and mother at home or does she ever help in your work as well?*"

He laughed at that. "Ellen is really tremendous, you know. It's a very strange thing: when I started producing I said I didn't know if I was going to be any good, or if I was even going to *like* the business side of filming. And now I find I love it—but I barely get a look-in at home!

"In the past, and even to this day, my wife looks after the money side. My house, my investments, my insurance policies, tax—she runs the whole thing. She works with our accountants and solicitors and knows far more about the figures than I do.

"I mean, I do nothing at all. She takes complete charge of that side of it. She has access to all my financial dealings and I have to go to her for pocket money!"

Again, that laugh: "Well, not pocket money perhaps, but if I need money, I have to go to her. If I want a couple of hundred, or a thousand or so, to go out and gamble, I have to go to her and say '*Cash me a thousand*,' and that's it.

"She takes all the responsibility off my shoulders. It's a marvellous system, because it relieves me of the worry, and it gives her a responsibility which keeps her involved with my life.

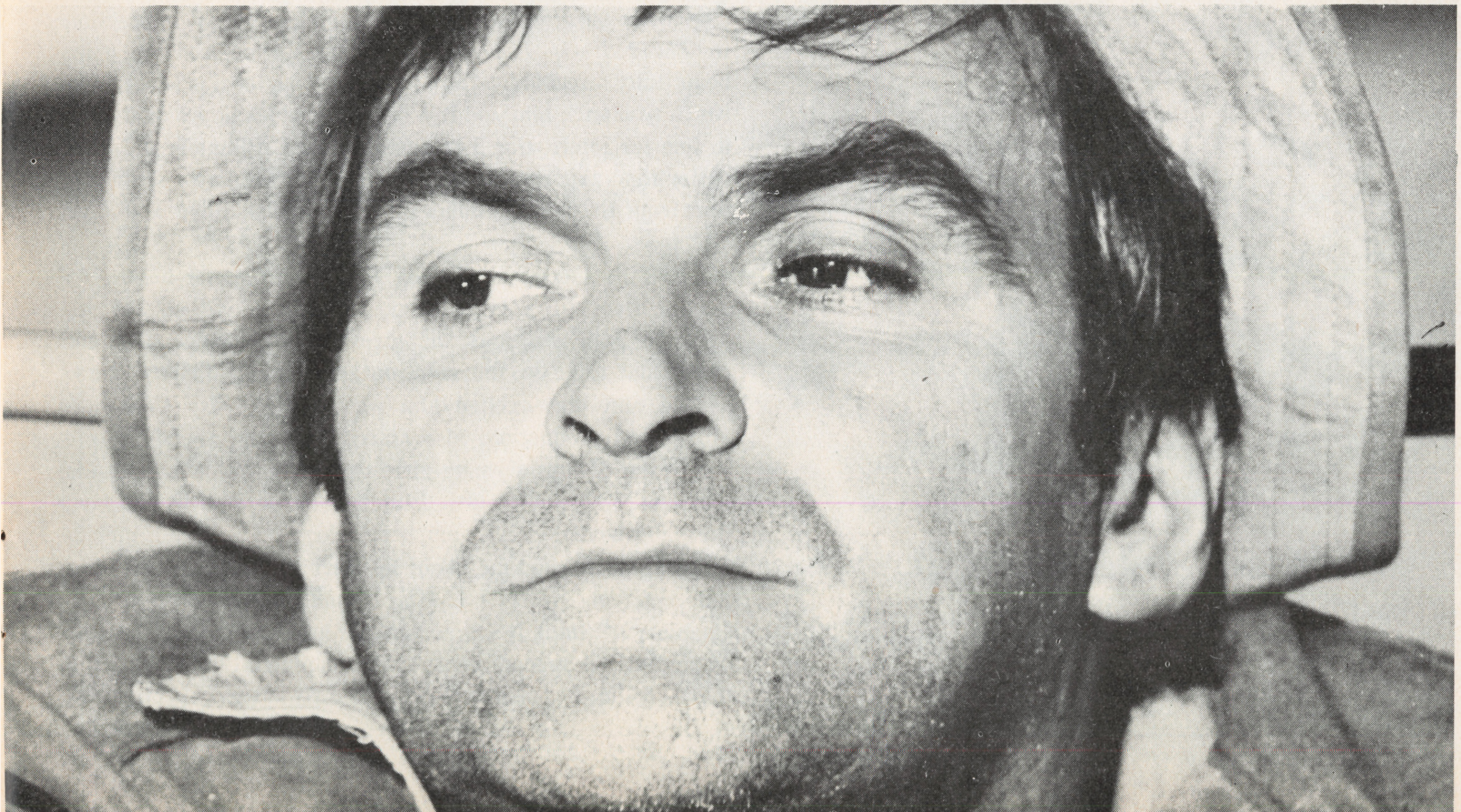
"Now Ellen was an actress, and I think a great mistake a lot of women in this business make when they marry actors and give up acting is to cut themselves off entirely from the business—apart from the social side. So there is a frustration there.

"But my wife is in constant touch with it. Not only does she take care of the finance, but she also reads most

Continued on page 34

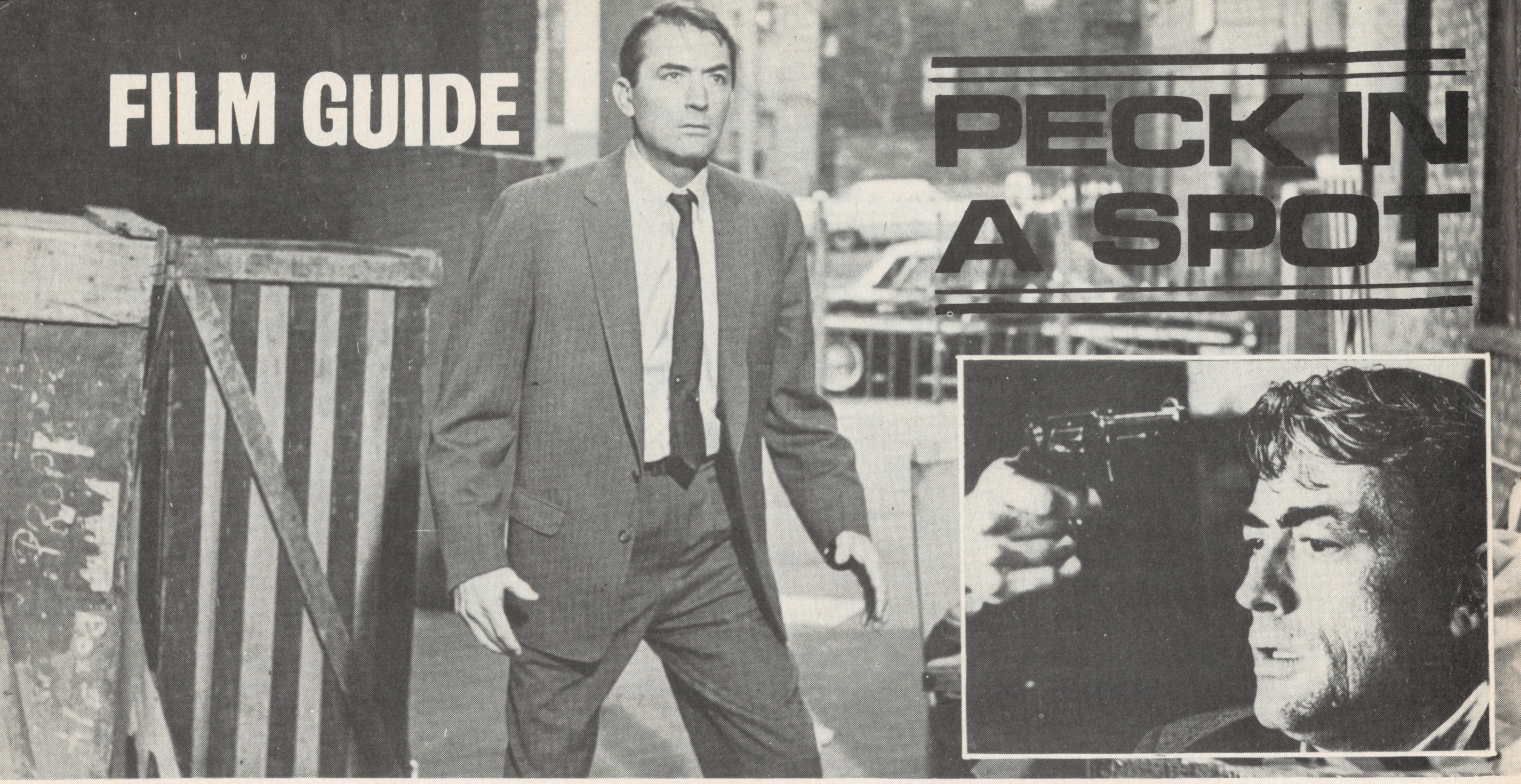
Off on holiday: Stanley, his wife Ellen, and Glyn, one of their three sons.

"My wife takes all the responsibilities off my shoulders," says the screen's tough guy.



FILM GUIDE

PECK IN A SPOT



IN Mirage, *Gregory Peck is up to his neck in trouble. When a man falls to his death from the 27th floor of the giant Unidyne Building, in New York, Peck is one of the employees attempting to leave the building after a power failure has plunged the place in darkness. On the way out he bumps into another employee, Diane Baker. He offers to guide her through the darkness to the exit. She accepts his help but, on reaching the street below and seeing Peck in the street light, she is greatly shocked and rushes into the crowd. Bewildered, Peck makes for a nearby bar and is "welcomed back" by the barman. This throws him into an even greater state of confusion because he isn't aware that he has ever been away . . .*

More shocks follow: there's a stranger with a gun waiting at his flat; a murder; and many other strange happenings which, because of his lost memory, he can't understand.

Finally, Peck sorts out the trouble he is in. But there are plenty of thrills before he does. As the man-in-a-spot Peck is excellent. The direction keeps a tight hold of the drama.

This is Peter O'Toole in *What's New, Pussycat*? The film also stars Peter Sellers, Romy Schneider and Paula Prentiss. (Turn to page 37 for Showtime's *What's New, Pussycat*? contest. There are wonderful prizes to be won.)

Plummer stars with Natalie

CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER, although a screen newcomer surrounded by big stars, makes a great impression in *The Fall Of The Roman Empire*. The Bronston epic, beautifully directed by Tony Mann, was an ideal production in which to launch him and it was soon obvious he was an actor in line for international stardom. Indeed, Plummer did even better than expected in *Roman Empire*. He almost steals the film from the stars, Sophia Loren, Stephen Boyd and Alec Guinness.

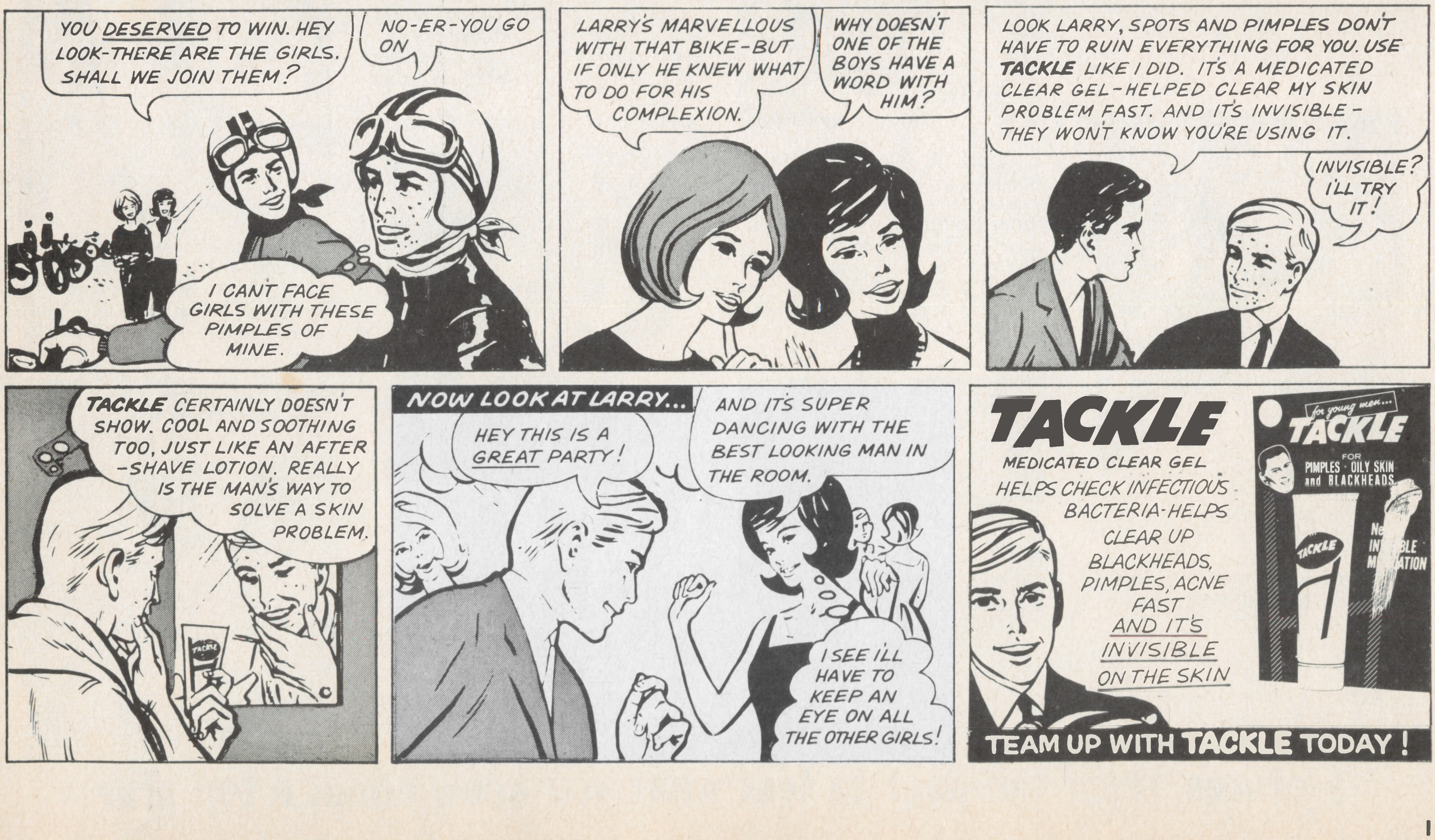
Since his success in *Roman Empire*, Plummer has taken giant's steps towards the top. In *The Sound Of Music*, opposite Julie Andrews, he gives a performance of great charm and, after this film came out, Plummer had many offers.

One film that excited him was *Inside Daisy Clover*, a Hollywood production, also starring Natalie Wood. In the film Natalie plays a young girl fashioned into a star with the inevitable unhappy results. Plummer is the man behind her; the man who makes her—and breaks her.

"What interested me about the part was the fact it was so different from my role in *The Sound Of Music*," explains Plummer. "I think it's important for an actor to vary the type of pictures he appears in. It stops people getting bored when they see him, because they never know what to expect next."

Maggie Wright is just one of the many glamorous girls in *What's New, Pussycat?* She appears in a scene with Woody Allen. Maggie, 20, is an ex-Bluebell girl.

"LONELY LARRY" CLEARS UP HIS PROBLEM ... the man's way!


YOU DESERVED TO WIN. HEY LOOK-THERE ARE THE GIRLS. SHALL WE JOIN THEM?
NO-ER-YOU GO ON
I CAN'T FACE GIRLS WITH THESE PIMPLES OF MINE.
LARRY'S MARVELLOUS WITH THAT BIKE-BUT IF ONLY HE KNEW WHAT TO DO FOR HIS COMPLEXION.
WHY DOESN'T ONE OF THE BOYS HAVE A WORD WITH HIM?
LOOK LARRY, SPOTS AND PIMPLES DON'T HAVE TO RUIN EVERYTHING FOR YOU. USE TACKLE LIKE I DID. IT'S A MEDICATED CLEAR GEL-HELPED CLEAR MY SKIN PROBLEM FAST. AND IT'S INVISIBLE-THEY WON'T KNOW YOU'RE USING IT.
INVISIBLE? I'LL TRY IT!
TACKLE CERTAINLY DOESN'T SHOW. COOL AND SOOTHING TOO, JUST LIKE AN AFTER-SHAVE LOTION. REALLY IS THE MAN'S WAY TO SOLVE A SKIN PROBLEM.
NOW LOOK AT LARRY...
HEY THIS IS A GREAT PARTY!
AND IT'S SUPER DANCING WITH THE BEST LOOKING MAN IN THE ROOM.
I SEE I'LL HAVE TO KEEP AN EYE ON ALL THE OTHER GIRLS!
TACKLE
MEDICATED CLEAR GEL
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for young men... TACKLE FOR PIMPLES · OILY SKIN and BLACKHEADS
TEAM UP WITH TACKLE TODAY!

LIZ QUIZ

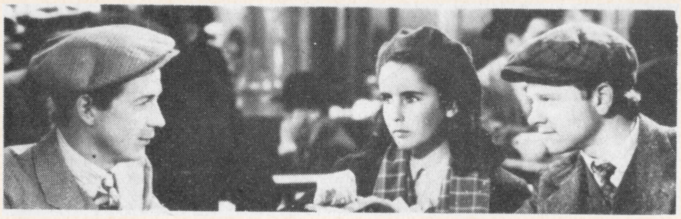
Yes, that little girl on the left became the world's most famous beauty

A MOTHER with her children . . . an ordinary family portrait like millions of others. But it is no ordinary family. The little girl is Elizabeth Taylor (aged two) with her mother and her brother.

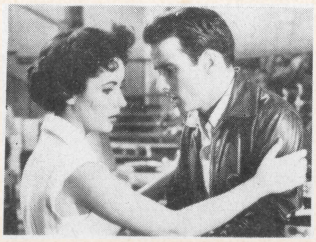
A lot has happened to Liz since that picture was taken. To begin with, she has become the world's most famous star. People have long since lost count of the number of times her name has hit the headlines. And often, her private life has been given far more limelight than her career. Many people know the names of her husbands, but would they be able to name the films that made her famous?

As *Cleopatra* is shown throughout the country, Showtime dips into the past and presents scenes from Liz's earlier pictures. Can you name the films—and Liz's co-stars in them?

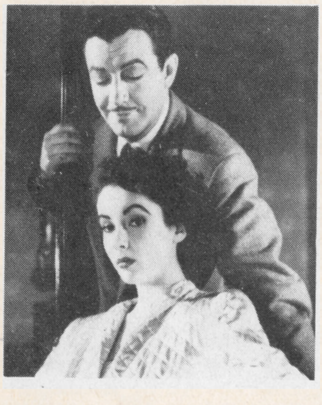
***Answers on page* 33.**



1. The year was 1945 and Liz was just 13. It was her second film. Her co-star (right) had a similar career—starting, and starring, when he was young. Today, however, he's not so famous. Liz however, is now starring in two pictures currently showing around the country.

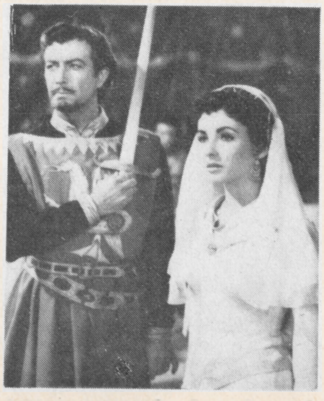


2. Only six years later, Liz, 19, was a mature and beautiful woman. This was the first film to show her great potential as an actress. The man in the picture? Today he is her favourite co-star, second only to Richard Burton. And Liz hopes to star with him again next year.

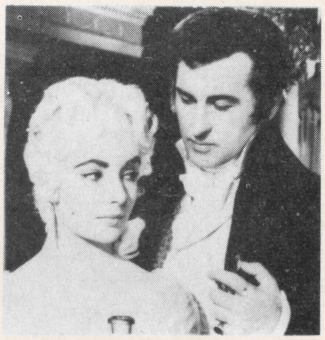


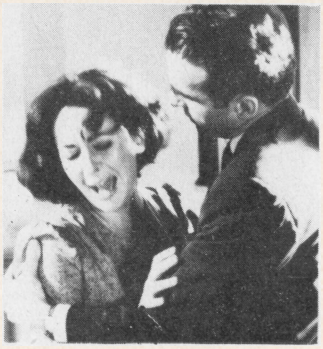
3. This was her first British film and it was made in London, where she was born on 27th February, 1932. Co-star? Well, the name's the same. But they are not related.

4. (Right) Liz stayed in London and worked with the same actor. This time it was a costume drama. Clue: the film was later the idea behind a Roger Moore TV series.



5. (Right) No so much blonde, more shining white—but as striking as ever. A third London-made film. It was chosen for 1954's Royal Film Show but it was not greeted with much enthusiasm. Liz and her co-star were panned by the critics and the film was said to be "unfunny" and "in bad taste."





6. (Left and below) The year was 1960 and, at 28, Liz gave a sensational performance in a scorching Tennessee Williams drama. Again she was joined by her "ideal" co-star.

- From 1960 on, most scenes from Liz's films would be instantly recognised. She stars with husband Richard Burton in her latest film, *The Sandpiper*. The couple plan to team again in *Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf?* and *The Taming Of The Shrew*. After that it is anyone's guess. One thing, however, is certain: Liz is not likely to retire!

Pictures from the past to test what you know about a top star

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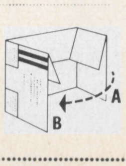

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SOPHIA (as Judith) SEEKS REVENGE

In *The Fall Of The Roman Empire* she is an emperor's daughter. . . in her new picture she is an illegal immigrant . . . but the famous Italian actress can cope with variety

In *Judith* Sophia and Peter Finch fight for their future together.

MANY actors are quick to tell you: "I can play anything—any role you offer me." But few of them actually believe it. And there are even fewer actresses who can ring the changes. Only one, I would say. The supreme Sophia Loren.

She has played peasant and princess, lush and lady, slut and sex-bomb. And her incredible sultry beauty has enabled her to pass for numerous nationalities.

For instance, this year she has been an Italian princess in *The Fall Of The Roman Empire*, a Dutch widow in *Operation Crossbow*, a French courtesan (nearing 80) in *Lady L*—and now a German Jewess in *Judith*.

It was this last role that got her films banned in Arab countries. The ban was ironic, for in her latest film, *Arabesque*, Sophia plays . . . an Arab!

From all this vast and hectic schedule, though, Judith holds a special place in her heart. Both she and her producer-mentor Carlo Ponti were entranced with the idea when it was first put to them nearly four years ago . . . and both were delighted with the novel Lawrence Durrel wrote for the film.

"Most of all," adds Sophia, "I loved Israel. We were there for 15 weeks. The company—with co-stars like Peter Finch and Jack Hawkins—and the location were quite perfect.

"I never really enjoy having to rise at 5 a.m., but it was a crime not to in Israel."

Main reason for Sophia's early call was the fitting of her short-haired wig.

The short hair is vital to the role as Judith is a Jewess, a former inmate of a Nazi concentration camp, where she landed with her son after being betrayed by her lover—a high-ranking German officer.

During the historic upheavals of the partitioning of Palestine in 1947, Judith is smuggled into the country to help the underground movement capture her ex-lover. He is in Syria, training an Arab army for an attack on Palestine.

Despite the earnest conviction of the underground leaders—men like Peter Finch—Judith is not particularly moved. She's

Stunning Sophia: Sombre as *Judith* (above), and sketched below while making *The Fall Of The Roman Empire*. Both films prove her fans' belief—that Sophia is the most versatile actress in the world.

ashamed of her past, and rebels against the tough working life of the kibbutz farms.

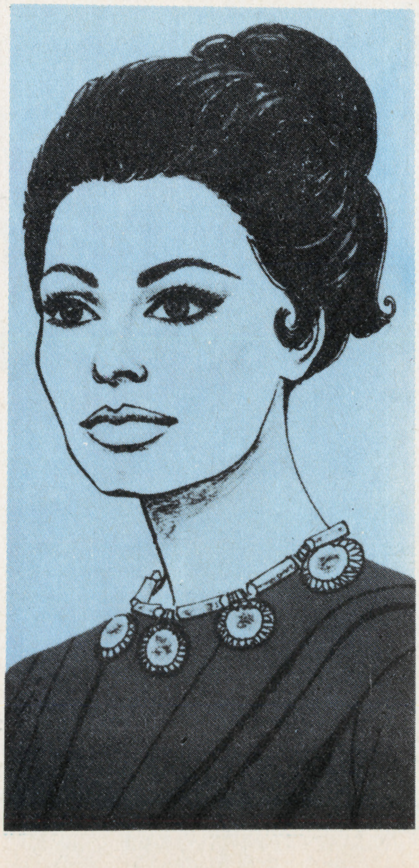
And at this point, another man enters her life—Jack Hawkins as a British major. Knowing he holds the secret files of the British Army, files that will have the facts of her German officer, Judith goes to live with him. She wants her revenge and knows Hawkins will help her.

Not that the underground men give up. They still want their quarry, just as much as their independence. And, finally, Judith begins to understand the struggles of this new country. Soon, she is fighting, side by side with Finch, to defend it for the future. Their future.

"I took to Israel as quickly as Judith hated the place," remarks Sophia. "On my few days off, I toured the country.

"Most memorable of all," she adds slowly, "was Jerusalem. I could wander around the ancient quarter without ever being stopped. The residents never go to see films, or read magazines. So I was unknown.

"Adulation from the public is marvellous, of course. But I found it very reassuring to know there is still somewhere where I can go as a person . . . not a movie-star."



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THE DICK TATHAM COLUMN

Mark Murphy — is he the man to take over from Sinatra?

ARE we now at the end of a vocal era? Shall we—in 1966—see the name of Sinatra disappear from the disc charts? I hope not—but it is just possible. And I'll tell you why.

Checking through a recent list of the 150 best-selling American LPs, I found the name of Frank Sinatra just once. I then turned to Britain's longest LP list. Of its 50 entries, *none* was by Sinatra.

Yet it seems only yesterday that LP lists on both sides of the Atlantic always included an array of albums by the fabulous Frank.

There are several reasons why we are hearing less from the slim serenader.

One is that Sinatra, these days, is a busy man, with vast film and business projects. Another is that quite a lot of recordings he has made in the last year or two have been below his traditionally immaculate standards. Yet another is that Frank will be 50 on 12th December—hardly an ideal age to start winning new fans.

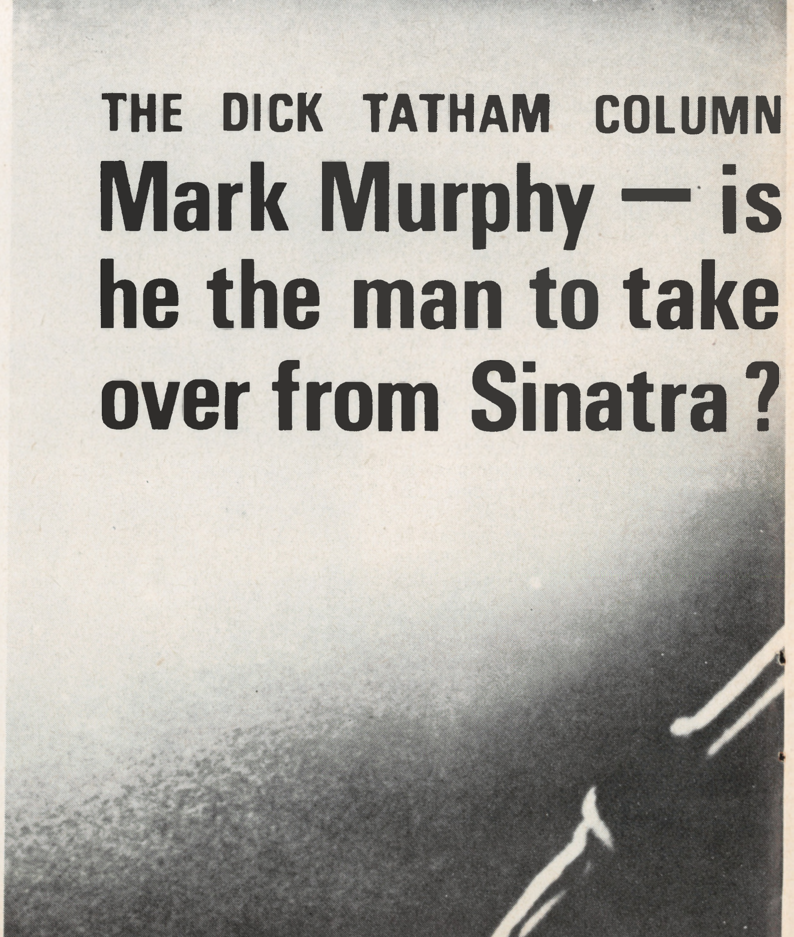
But if Sinatra does finally fade out, who will then replace him as undisputed world number one?

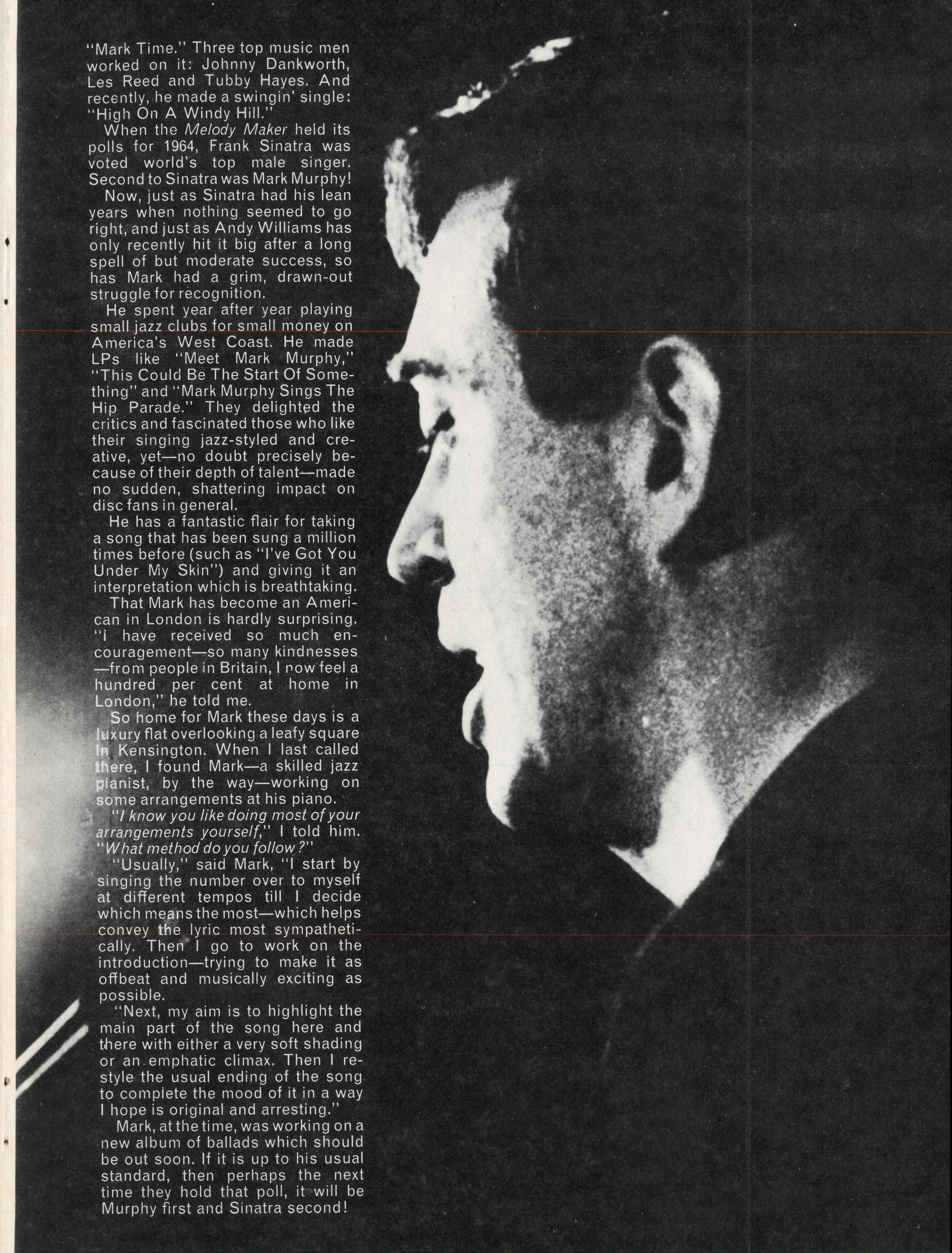
It could be Andy Williams, the 35-year-old singer from Wall Lake, Iowa, who has had spectacular results this year with albums such as "Dear Heart," "Days of Wine and Roses" and "Call Me Irresponsible."

Or you might prefer to put your money on Jack Jones, 27-year-old son of that great all-time favourite, Allan ("Donkey Serenade") Jones. Jack has made some first-rate albums—such as "Bewitched," "Wives and Lovers," "Dear Heart and Other Great Songs." He sells well. He also has the time and the talent to develop even further.

But my outside bet for the singer who will ultimately replace Sinatra is someone who has yet to achieve any sensational chart successes—Mark Murphy, the American in London. He is around 30, and in talent I rate him well above either Williams or Jones.

By now, most people in Britain with an ear for quality singing know about Murphy. A few months ago, the Fontana label put out a made-in-Britain LP by him called





"Mark Time." Three top music men worked on it: Johnny Dankworth, Les Reed and Tubby Hayes. And recently, he made a swingin' single: "High On A Windy Hill."

When the *Melody Maker* held its polls for 1964, Frank Sinatra was voted world's top male singer. Second to Sinatra was Mark Murphy!

Now, just as Sinatra had his lean years when nothing seemed to go right, and just as Andy Williams has only recently hit it big after a long spell of but moderate success, so has Mark had a grim, drawn-out struggle for recognition.

He spent year after year playing small jazz clubs for small money on America's West Coast. He made LPs like "Meet Mark Murphy," "This Could Be The Start Of Something" and "Mark Murphy Sings The Hip Parade." They delighted the critics and fascinated those who like their singing jazz-styled and creative, yet—no doubt precisely because of their depth of talent—made no sudden, shattering impact on disc fans in general.

He has a fantastic flair for taking a song that has been sung a million times before (such as "I've Got You Under My Skin") and giving it an interpretation which is breathtaking.

That Mark has become an American in London is hardly surprising. "I have received so much encouragement—so many kindnesses—from people in Britain, I now feel a hundred per cent at home in London," he told me.

So home for Mark these days is a luxury flat overlooking a leafy square in Kensington. When I last called there, I found Mark—a skilled jazz pianist, by the way—working on some arrangements at his piano.

"*I know you like doing most of your arrangements yourself*," I told him. "*What method do you follow?*"

"Usually," said Mark, "I start by singing the number over to myself at different tempos till I decide which means the most—which helps convey the lyric most sympathetically. Then I go to work on the introduction—trying to make it as offbeat and musically exciting as possible.

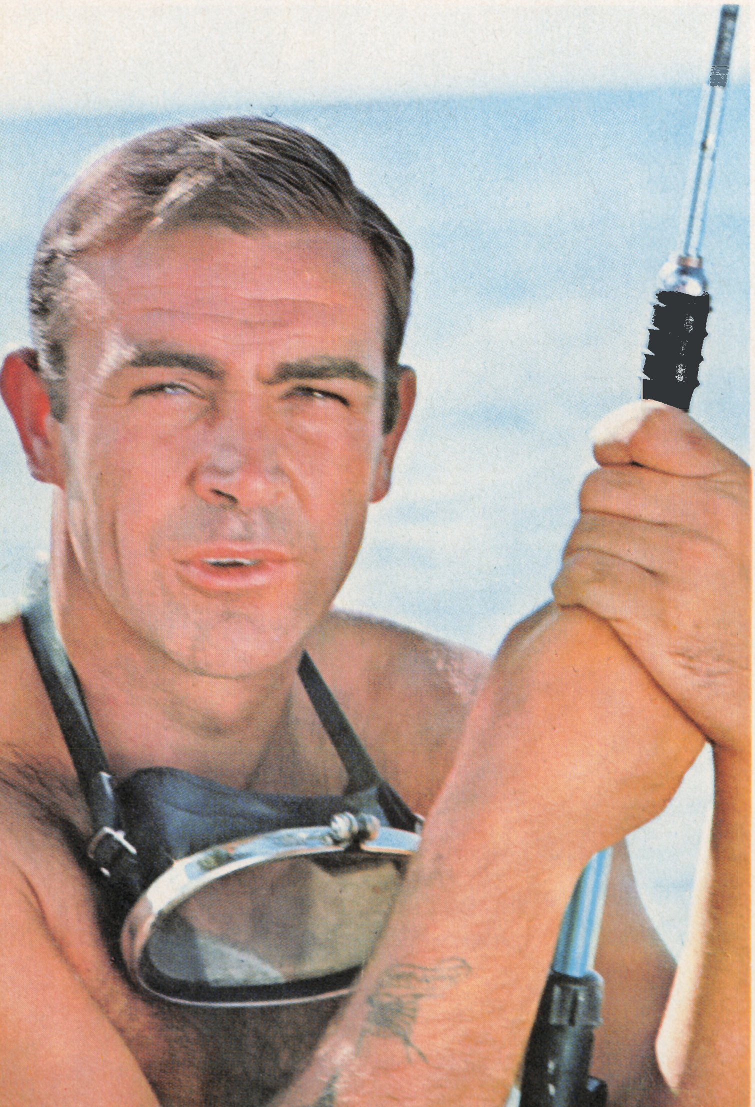
"Next, my aim is to highlight the main part of the song here and there with either a very soft shading or an emphatic climax. Then I restyle the usual ending of the song to complete the mood of it in a way I hope is original and arresting."

Mark, at the time, was working on a new album of ballads which should be out soon. If it is up to his usual standard, then perhaps the next time they hold that poll, it will be Murphy first and Sinatra second!

Emilio Largo is Bond's deadliest enemy. but still 007 finds time for the girls

SEANSA

Sharks, spies and SPECTRE beware—Jim's back. And Sean Connery is as lethal underwater as he is on dry land. Or in the air, come to that. For 007 finds trouble wherever he goes. He also finds beautiful girls . . .



Bond is trapped. But what a trap! She is Fiona, SPECTRE'S kiss-and-kill girl—sensuously played by stunning Italian star Luciana Paluzzi. In fact, Luciana is so good, she has won a contract with the Bond film company.

TIONAL

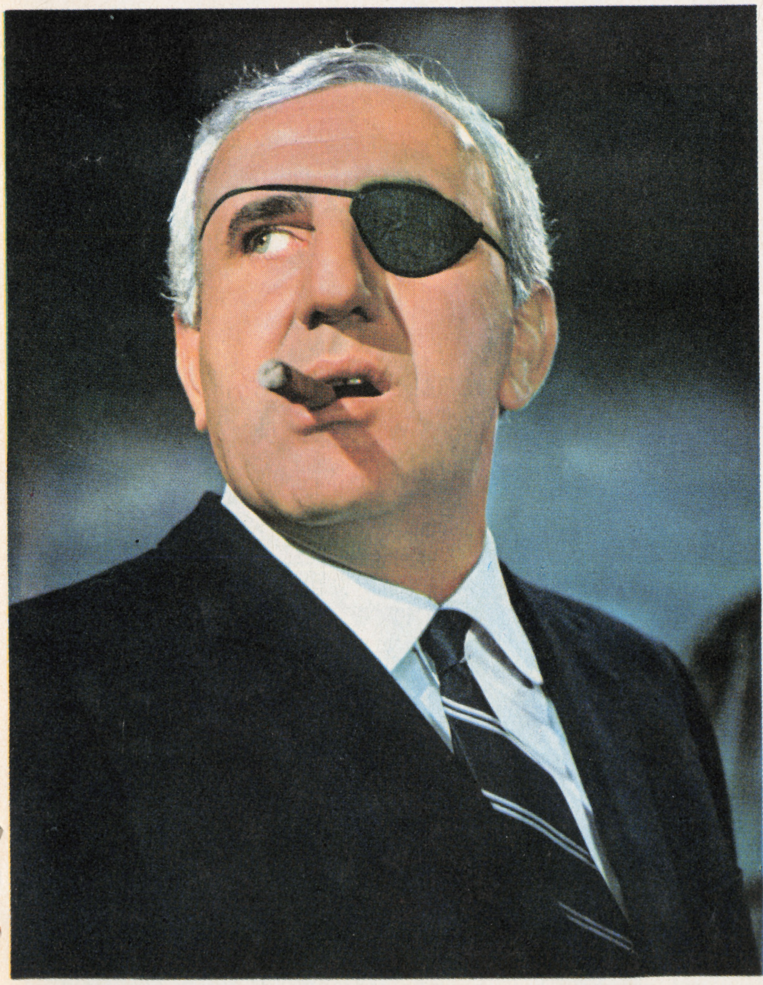
FILM PREVIEW

-that's THUNDERBALL!

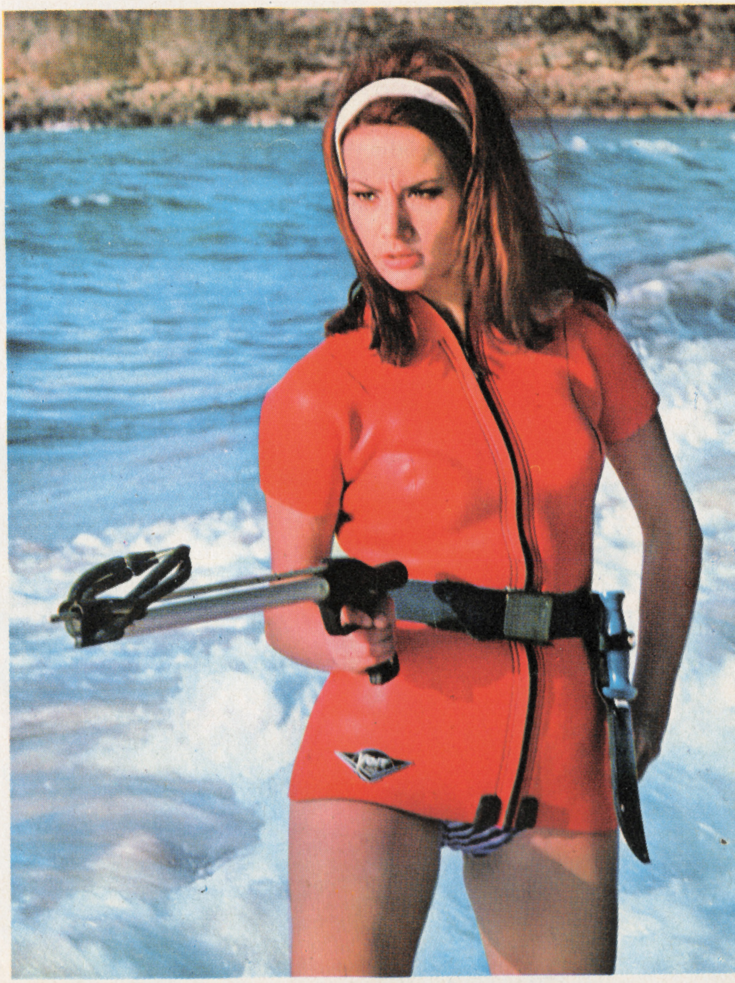
JAMES BOND IS BACK! At last those annually awaited four words are being screamed again by the fans—almost as loudly as the public will soon be chortling at the latest, undoubtedly the greatest, tongue-in-cheek exploits of the world's most popular super-sleuth.

For he's back, all right. Complete with new gadgets—and hair style—in *Thunderball*. So fantastic a film that it cost more than £2,000,000 to make. So impressive, so outrageously incredible, that it stands to earn a possible £20,000,000. That's double *Goldfinger* in every way!

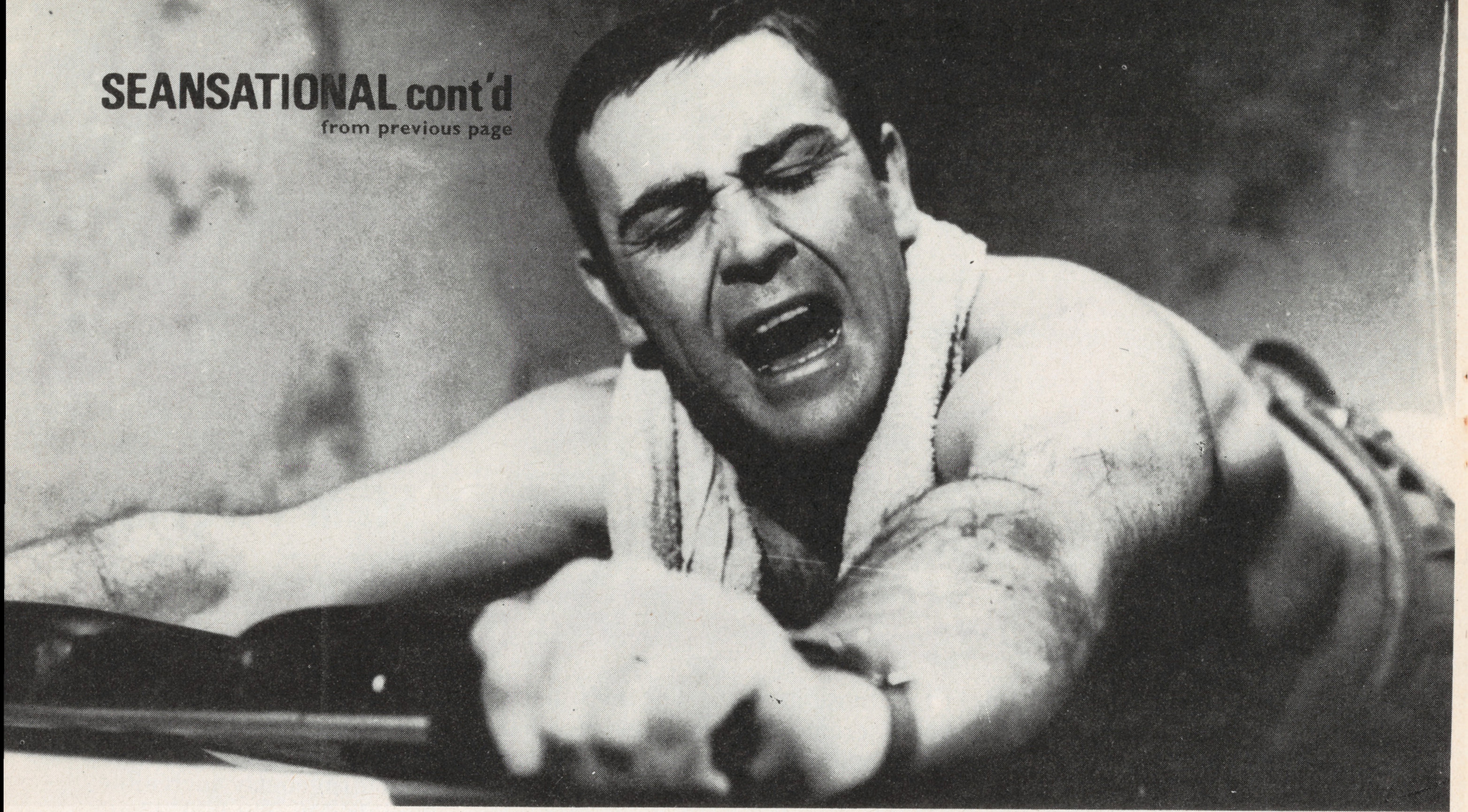
Continued overleaf



The evil eye belongs to Emilio Largo—alias Sicilian actor Adolfo Celi. Largo is the villain of this particular piece, holding the world to ransom for the return of two stolen H-Bombs. He's asking for £100,000,000!



Ready for anything—that's curvacious Claudine Auger. She plays Domino Vitale, a slinky French playgirl: very friendly with Largo at the start. But when James Bond enters her life in sun-splashed Nassau Largo takes a back seat.



Just a little rest, ordered "M". But down at the health clinic something stirs . . .

It's impossible to write about Bond without resorting to such stupefying statistics. And I've got a million of them. For example: put the takings of all four Bond films together, and they tot up to an estimated £45,000,000!

Each year Eon Productions, the Bond film company, excel themselves —and daringly force themselves into the position of saying: *Beat that!* Yet, somehow, they always manage to. This year is certainly no exception. *Thunderball* is the most brilliant of them all.

"Certainly the most tiring," adds super-star Sean Connery. "I need the constitution of a rugby player to get through 19 weeks of swimming, slugging and necking. Still, Bond has been good to me [*Mr. Connery now gets five per cent of the profits, which is more than some movies make!*]—and *Thunderball* is the best story of them all, I think."

And as far as this runaway success-series goes, it had to be. Following the staggering midas-style hit of *Goldfinger*, and now the almost insane clamour for

A fight to the death—yet again! Largo finally corners our hero on board the yacht.

Villain-hunting in Nassau: Bond and his local assistant, Paula, an admirable ally as played by Martine Beswick.

"Tension-easing" in Britain! Bond swops places with his very "physical"-therapist, Patricia (Mollie Peters).

the re-issue double-bill of *Dr. No* and *From Russia With Love* (JAMES BOND IS BACK . . . TO BACK! say these posters), this latest slice of Bondomania just had to be the greatest thing the vast 007-team could possibly conceive.

Anyone who dares suggest that *Goldfinger* could not be bettered obviously doesn't know his Fleming. Or his Harry Saltzman and "Cubby" Broccoli, come to that. For *Thunderball*—Fleming's ninth (1961) book—has an even more preposterously sublime premise than the mere theft of all Fort Knox's gold bullion.

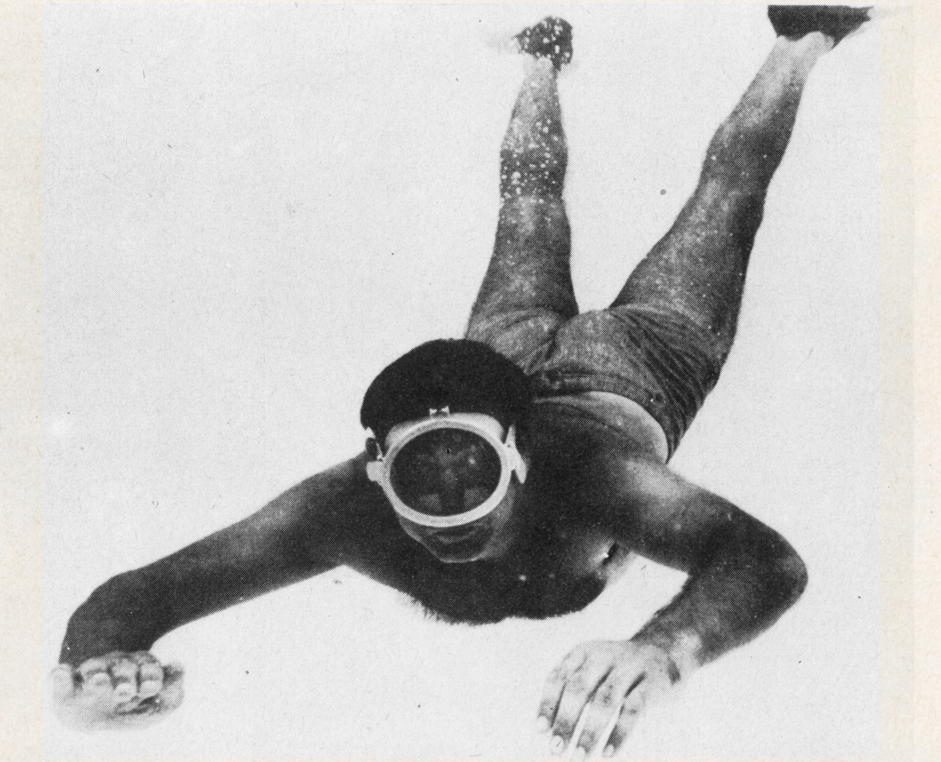
This time, SPECTRE, Bond's old enemy crime-organisation (The Special Executive for Counterintelligence, Terrorism, Revenge and Extortion) concentrates on extorting . . . a cool £100,000,000 from the Western Powers. (The money they're making, Eon will be SPECTRE'S next target.) That's the ransom figure for the return of a NATO Vulcan bomber, complete with two H-Bombs, which SPECTRE has neatly hi-jacked.

If the governments don't pay up—but fast—the bombs will be exploded one by one, starting with the disintegration of Miami . . .

Phew! The plot is so fiendish that "M" does something we've never seen before. No, he doesn't make a pass at Miss Moneypenny; but he does call a meeting of all his operatives in the Double-0 section—the first time we've seen 007's colleagues.

However, there's a more spectacular meeting in Paris, at SPECTRE'S H.Q. The conference room is, naturally, more lush than that of the Double-0 boys'. But in Paris, by a simple touch of a button, any double-crosser can be electrocuted in the comfort of his own luxuriously-padded chair!

It was a similarly top-secret meeting—where the shocks were more financial than electric—which finally determined the £2,000,000 – plus budget for *Thunderball*. Half of this was promptly handed over to art director Ken Adam—to make his incredible sets, props, gimmicks and gadgets.



Shark's eye-view of Bond at work beneath the waves.

Continued on page 40

A SHOWTIME SOUVENIR PORTRAIT

Simon-Wide Photographs

Girls in THUNDERBALL

Martine Beswick

Luciana Paluzzi

DISCS

I CAN'T understand why Pat Boone doesn't get more records into the charts these days. I know the record-buying public's taste has changed and the pop scene has changed with it, but Pat has what is known as a "commercial voice" and it is far better than any other voice to emerge in recent years.

Listening to his new LP, *Pat's Great Hits* (*Dot*), reminds me of the big impact he made when songs like *Friendly Persuasion*, *Love Letters In The Sand* and *Bernadine* (all included in this album) first came out. Pat sold over ten million records in one golden year. His songs were on everyone's lips.

Almost all the numbers on this album are vintage Boone. He glides smoothly through *Anastasia*, *Chains Of Love* and *I'm Just Waiting For You*. The songs sound as fresh as ever.

I hope Pat soon finds a number that will take him back into the charts.

ANNIE ROSS is no Sarah Vaughan, but she's a singer who has great style and warmth in her voice. She proves this on the new album, *Annie By Candlelight* (*Pye Golden Guinea*).

Critic Kenneth Tynan, writing about Annie, says, "she sings the way Francoise Sagan writes." That is in a "fallen and angelic manner." If you know Sagan's books you'll understand what he means when you hear this LP. Of the 12 tracks

Continued on page 33

It's the wee small hours . . . and Sammy Davis swings on at his latest recording session.

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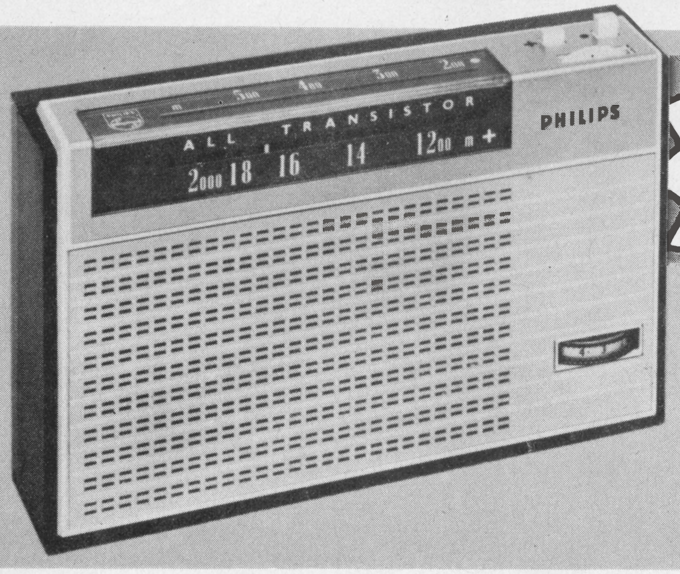

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FROM BRUNETTE TO

Showtime's model: Mollie Peters. She went blonde for Bond—when she won a key star role in *Thunderball*.

Photographs: Marc Sharratt.

NOT long ago, the only women who dyed their hair were grey-haired ladies who wanted to appear younger. Today that is no longer the case. Females of every age—from teenagers to grandmothers—use hair colouring as naturally as they would use lipstick to enhance their looks. But whereas many women today are only just beginning to explore the possibilities, screen stars have known for years colouring can work wonders for the hair.

An actress changes the colour of her hair for two reasons: either, like you and me, she may decide her own colouring is drab or mousy—or she will make the change because a part she is going to play requires it.

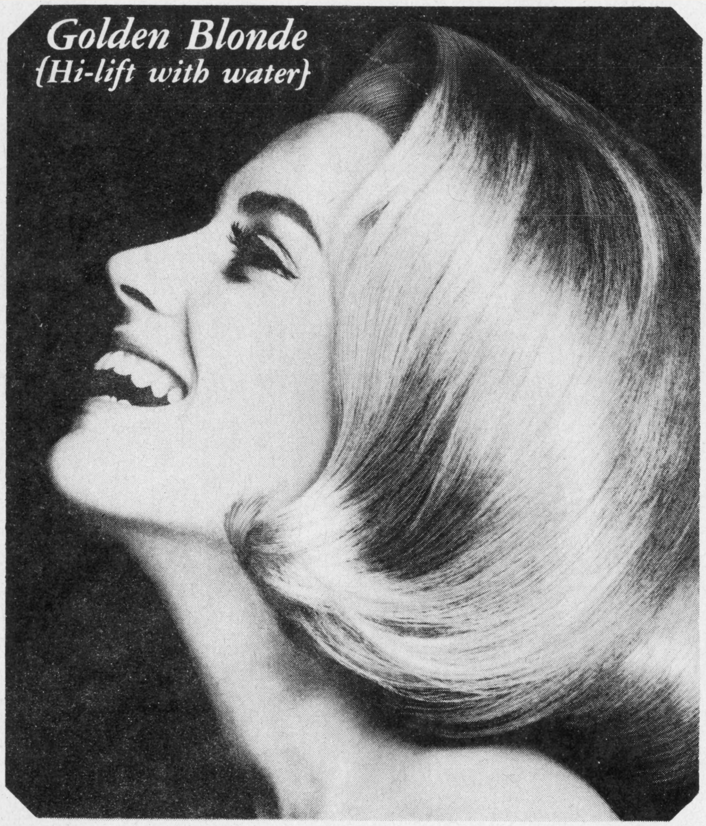
Continued on page 42

BLONDE (or vice-versa)

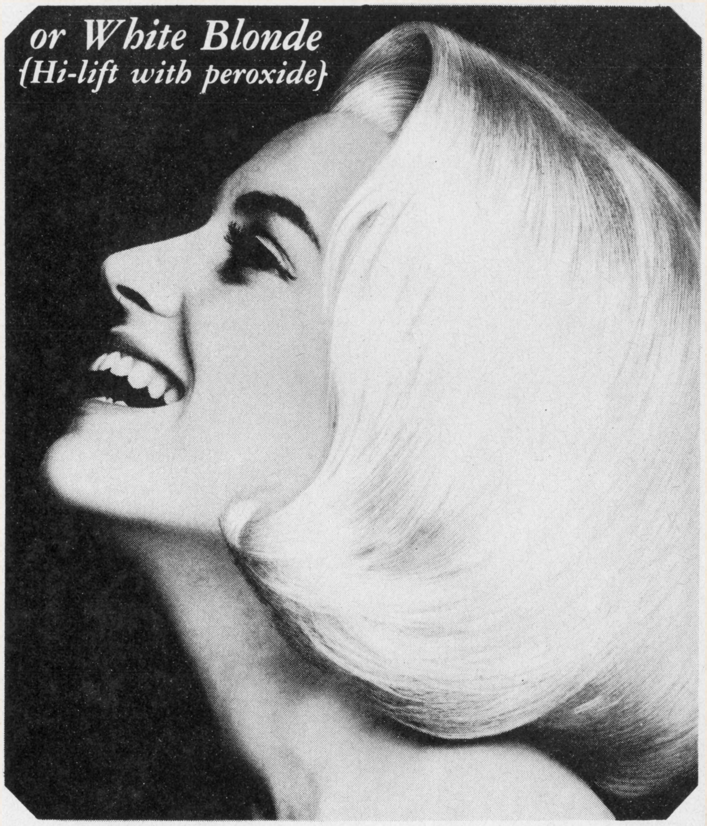
by Lily Poyser

-all your questions answered

WHAT KIND OF BLONDE DO YOU WANT TO BE?



Golden Blonde
{Hi-lift with water}



or White Blonde
{Hi-lift with peroxide}

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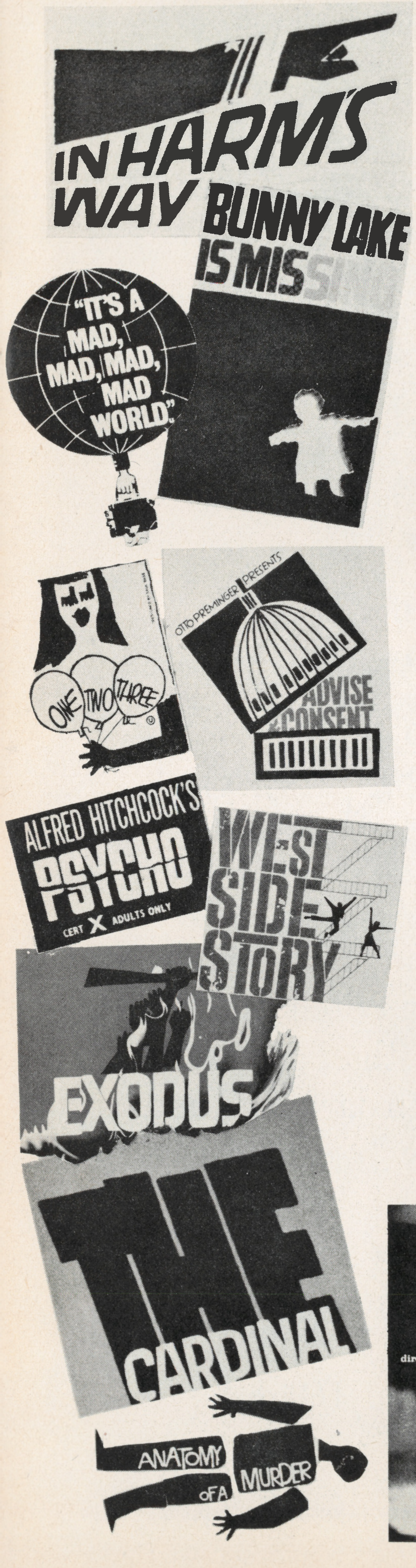
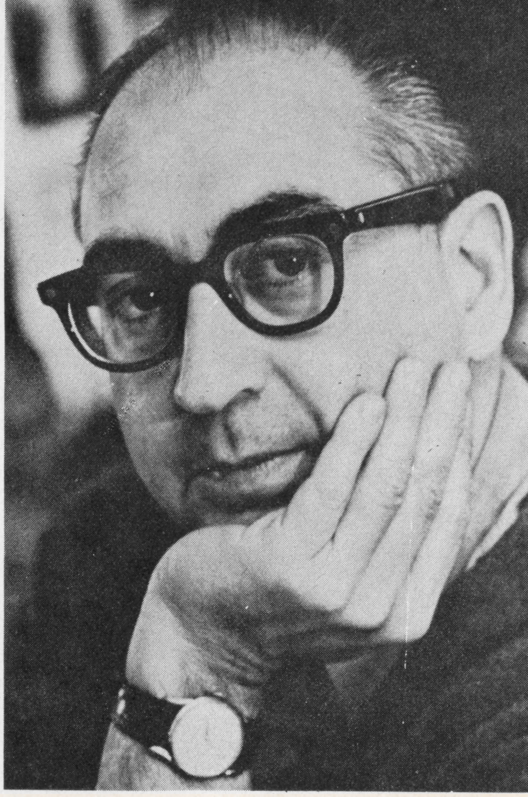


BASS — the Big Daddy of the credit-title business



by Tony Crawley

GIVING credit where credit is due in the credit-title business is becoming more and more complex. For there are now so many new credit-designers clambering on the band-wagon.

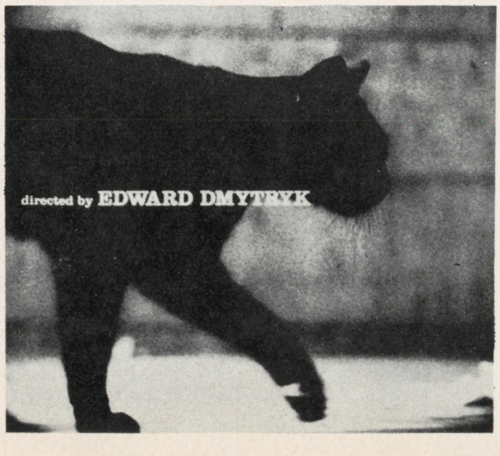
In Britain there's the 007-man Robert Brownjohn; *The Avengers'* Trevor Bond; and the excellent Maurice Binder (man behind *The Grass Is Greener* babies and the *Call Me Bwana* chimps). America, too, has a host of new names, chief among them being the clever artists at the DePatie Freleng (*Pink Panther*) studios.

Still at the top, however, is the one man all the others acknowledge cheerfully as the master. The Big Daddy of them all, Saul Bass.

He was in London recently completing a BOAC assignment, and I was the only journalist to see him, during his short visit.

We met in the quiet of a Mayfair hotel and discussed his work—most of which I had seen only the day before at a special screening for London designers. They, too, hold this man in awe. And I'm not surprised.

He has, after all, revolutionised credit-titles as we know them. He has also, due to producers' awakened interest in the new system, provided many graphic-designers with a new outlet for their talents.



Bass walks with a limp and is balding fast, but he doesn't seem to worry about either. His eyes peer enthusiastically from behind black-rimmed glasses as he talks excitedly about his work.

"Usually I'm called in right at the beginning, at the planning stages of the film," Bass explains. "I read the script, get the mood, and start to work at the week-ends. This is the only time I can be free of phone-calls and other interruptions. It's quiet and the pressure's off.

"In this kind of atmosphere I can let my mind—and my pencil—wander. Sometimes the ideas come all too easily. And then I often distrust them. Frequently though, these ideas can turn out the best of all."

Bass has one important rule: to be true to the film—and never to detract from it.

"I try," he says, "to reach for a simple, visual phrase that tells you what the picture is all about. It's no use going mad with the full firework treatment just because you like the idea yourself. No matter how good, how brilliant an idea may be, if it doesn't blend with the film there's only one thing to do—throw it away. OK, file it if you wish for future use. But lose it now. Get rid of it. And start again.

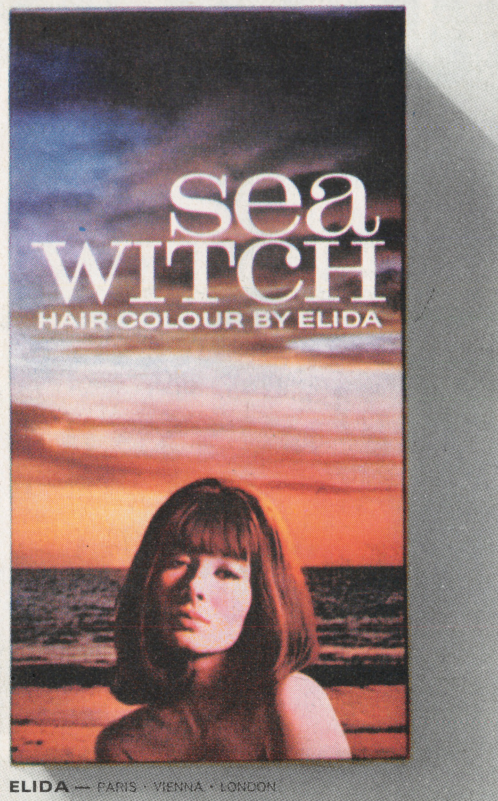
"You must never forget that your work is merely part of the film; that it must be something which evokes the essence of the story. It's like summarising a 600-page book—the fundamentals, not the details. The result is the trademark, a way of identifying something with a shorthand you can see and understand."

Bass's trademarks—as important to a producer as the hallmarks on gold plate—are now numerous. Two brilliant examples are the segmented corpse for *Anatomy Of A Murder*, and the angular arm and clawing fingers of *The Man With The Golden Arm*.

He makes great use of arms and hands. Always with one slight, very significant difference, which immediately makes the film's theme permeate through: *Spartacus'* hand holds a sword aloft, while the *Exodus* hand grips a gun.

"I used guns because that definitely made

Continued on page 43



Once a girl uses Sea Witch hair colour she has a terrific, unfair advantage over girls who don't. Sea Witch blondes, for example, look more naturally blonde than girls who were only born that way. It's the same with dark hair, and auburn – and each of the twelve wildly beautiful Sea Witch colours.

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A film festival with a difference

FILMS from Australia, Canada, Ceylon, India, Malaysia, Kenya and many other countries are included in the Commonwealth Film Festival which will be running in London until 2nd October.

"It is the biggest promotion of Commonwealth films this country has ever known", says Tony Gruner, director of the festival.

The idea of the festival is to give people in London a chance to see examples of the best shorts and feature films now being made throughout the Commonwealth. The selections prove that there are many brilliant young directors, actors and actresses whose work we seldom get a chance to see.

"I believe there is a potential greatness within the Commonwealth with regard to film making and it is time the public and film-makers were alerted to this", said John Huntley, head of Film Programmes and Services Division, before the festival began. The films that can be seen prove his point.

(For information regarding the festival contact the Festival Office: TEMple Bar 2920.)

Right: Nadja Regin and Colin Broadley in a scene from the New Zealand film, *Runaway Killer*.

DISCS

Continued from page 26

on the album my favourites are *Skylark*, *I Didn't Know About You*, *Don't Worry 'Bout Me* and *Manhatten*. However, her recording of *I've Told Every Little Star*, the last track on side one, made me wince.

Robert Farnon and his Orchestra have included most of the Johnny Mathis hits on their new album, ***A Portrait Of Johnny Mathis*** (*Philips*), and very pleasant they are.

Misty, *It's Not For Me To Say*, *A Certain Smile*, *Small World* and eight other numbers get the full treatment from Farnon, whose arrangements are tasteful, if not too imaginative.

The Supremes put the spotlight on songwriter Sam Cooke in ***We Remember Sam Cooke*** (*Tamla Motown-E.M.I.*). The result is an unusual and interesting LP.

I would have preferred a little more variety in the pace and the arrangements of the tracks, but you will not be disappointed if it is the Supremes, or Sam Cooke's songs, you want to hear.

My favourites: *Nothing Can Change This Love*, *Chain Gang*, *Only Sixteen*, *Shake*, and *A Change Is Gonna Come*.

Other groups come and go but the Shadows seem to last for ever. Listen to ***The Sound Of The Shadows*** (*Columbia*) and you will understand why these boys have outlasted most other pop groups.

To begin with, each member of the group is a first-class instrumentalist, not merely a guitar basher; also the boys make a sound that is all their very own.

Of the 14 tracks on the LP my favourites are: *Brazil*, *The Lost City*, *Five Hundred Miles*, *Santa Ana*, and *Let It Be Me*.

The Norrie Paramor strings make an excellent background for the Shadows to set their music against.

I don't think much of the selection of songs on ***The New Petula Clark Album*** (*Pye*), but I do like the way that Petula sings them. *A Foggy Day*, *Dancing In The Street* and *Strangers And Lovers* are ideal album material, but *Gotta Tell The World*, *Every Little Bit Hurts*, *I Know A Place* and other numbers don't, in my opinion, deserve a place on this vastly improved artist's new LP.

Nevertheless, her many fans will find a lot to please them.

Songs From My Fair Lady And Mary Poppins (*Pye Golden Guinea*), like all records of this kind, is all very well if you are not too familiar with the original. Not that the Hollywood Studio Orchestra And Chorus (*My Fair Lady*) and The Cheltenham Orchestra And Chorus (*Mary Poppins*) don't do a good job; they do. Even so, there's nothing like the original. It costs more—but it's worth it.

There's nothing quite like the deep, throaty voice of Billy Eckstine and I can think of a lot of good reasons why you should invest in his new album, ***The Modern Sound Of Mr. B*** (*Mercury*). Although I enjoyed all the tracks on the LP there is one in particular that stands out; Eckstine's version of *People*, the beautiful song from *Funny Girl*. It is the best male recording I have heard of this number.

But there are other magic moments on the album and Eckstine is given great support by Bobby Tucker who provides a sympathetic backing.

My favourites: *A Beautiful Friendship*, *Wives And Lovers*, *A Garden In The Rain* and *Wanted*.

As the title suggests, you can't go far wrong with ***The Best Of Ella Fitzgerald*** (*Verve*). You may not agree with all the selections (how could they leave out *Every Time We Say Goodbye*?) but you will have to agree that you get your money's worth.

The oldest of Ella's hits on the album is *A Tisket A Tasket* which she first sang in 1938. Other important Fitzgerald songs include: *How High The Moon*, *Mack The Knife*, *Goody Goody* and *A Beautiful Friendship*. As I say, with tracks like this, you can't go far wrong.

The Many Shades Of Georgia Brown (*Capitol*), like several LP's these days, would have been better if the numbers had been chosen with a little more care. It seems to me there are numbers on this LP that hardly deserve a place, and numbers that, although suitable album material, are not right for Miss Brown. *Once In A While* and *I Concentrate On You*, for instance, are not songs for a singer who, as the critics say, is "vivid and dynamic"; an artist who can "belt out a number as well as anyone."

LIZ QUIZ Answers

(See page 14)

1. *National Velvet* with Mickey Rooney.
2. *A Place In The Sun* with Montgomery Clift.
3. *The Conspirator* with Robert Taylor.
4. *Ivanhoe* with Robert Taylor.
5. *Beau Brummell* with Stewart Granger.
6. *Suddenly, Last Summer* with Montgomery Clift.

STANLEY BAKER

Continued from page 11

of the scripts before I get them; most of the books from which film ideas come.

"It was Ellen who found the next film I'm doing, *When The Lion Feeds*. She read this first novel by a Rhodesian, Wilbur Smith, and gave it to me saying '*Read this. You've just got to do it.*' I read it and I agreed.

"This has happened so often. If I am given a script by another producer to act in, Ellen will read it first. Her comments are valuable. I admire her insight and she has good judgment.

"She also has very good business sense as far as my investments outside films go. And she looks after all the expenses of the family, the children, school fees, uniforms or equipment or whatever they need."

"*Well, they say that behind every successful man there is a woman. I know that Ellen was the one who kept pushing you to try to get the part of Bennett, the tough bosun in* The Cruel Sea, *the part that made you famous. Just how great is your debt to her?*" I asked.

"Very great indeed. I'd be the last man to say anything else. She is a constant strength behind me. She's always likely to say to me '*Now come on, what are you doing about this? Do something!*'

"She is constantly pushing—which is marvellous. She takes a tremendous part in my life, actively. She has her eyes and ears open for any opportunity which will help us as a family."

"*Stanley, you said a few years ago that the rewards in the film business were high and the temptations tremendous. Was there ever a tough period in your marriage that you had to work to overcome?*"

'My Only Fear'

He didn't even hesitate. "Well, yes—there must be in every marriage. And we have been married 15 years. But let me say one thing: I can't imagine myself *NOT* being married to Ellen. No one could have a finer wife. If something happened—if, for some reason or other, we divorced or split up, or separated—then my life would be less than half it is now. I just wouldn't know how to go about it any more.

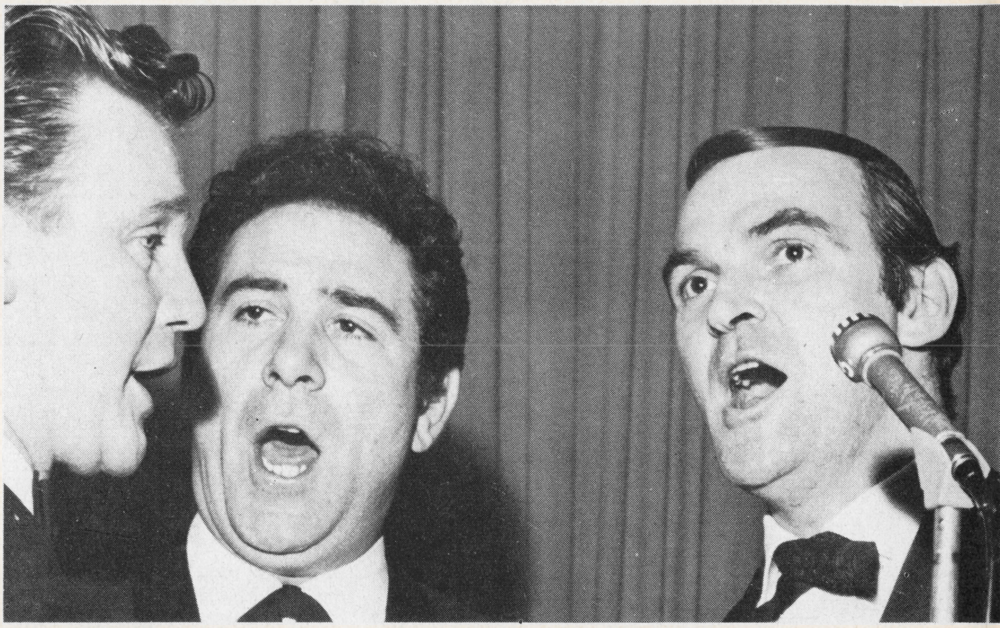
"That's the only fear I have, really. That would throw me more than anything. I could stand losing everything I had gained materially without getting suicidal, but losing Ellen would really finish me. I just can't imagine life without her.

"We've had our ups and downs, of course, like anyone else, but we've been sensible enough and big enough to get over them. There has never been a conscious period in our lives when we thought 'We're not making out'."

"*What with acting and producing, do you find you have much time for a normal home life?*"

"Not a great deal. That's the one thing I feel a little guilty about, because we have three great boys and a girl. And my home life in Wales was such a family life.

"My father, who was out of work because there was no work in South Wales during the Depression years, spent a lot of time with us when I was a kid. And I know I benefited from it because he was a good man. I feel guilty that I'm not able to spend as much time with my kids. My only consolation is that I'm able to do other things for them—like sending them to good schools and so on.



Well, what Welshman doesn't sing! Baker in harmony with his friends "from the valleys"—Donald Houston and Ivor Emmanuel.

"We all get on extremely well together and I know the kids are tremendously happy at home, but I still regret that we don't have enough time together."

"*Do they know what they want to be yet?*" I asked.

"No, not even Martin, my eldest boy, who is 11. And I have no plans for him. I hate the idea of parents planning their children's future and trying to force or edge them into something they may grow to hate later in life. I am sending them to Millfield, a most progressive school in the West Country. They will probably go on to university and, when they're old enough, make up their own minds.

"I don't care how long it takes them—though I'll see to it they're not layabouts in the meantime! But when they've made up their minds definitely, I will do my utmost to help them, whatever they want to be.

"The two older boys are at Millfield now and my daughter and the youngest boy will go there, too. They are boarders, so there is at least a nucleus of the family even down in Somerset. Ellen and I go down to visit the boys on odd week-ends."

"*Are you worried that they might be terribly spoiled, having a father with plenty of money and so many material advantages?*"

"Yes, I'm probably over-aware of it and maybe I've kept their pocket money down too much! And I make them work for everything, which is a good thing.

"There's nothing sadder than a young man of about 20 who doesn't bother much about work because he knows he can always fall back on Dad. It takes the spine out of people. Look how many chinless wonders you see around today!

"The biggest problem for the family is when I'm on long locations. Ellen came out twice while we were making *Kalahari* but the kids couldn't. She feels, very sensibly, that at times like this, she must divide her time between the children and myself, which is very necessary, of course."

We got off the subject of family life when I asked Stanley Baker what was driving him so hard? I suggested that, having achieved acting fame in films like *The Cruel Sea*, *The Red Beret*, *Knights Of The Round Table*, *Checkpoint*, *Richard III*, *The Criminal*, *Sodom and Gomorrah*, *Guns Of Navarone*, etc., most actors would think that was enough. *Why go into active production too and work yourself to death?*

"Well, the reason is that on many of the films I made, both here and abroad, I always had an eye on the terrific amount of waste that went on. Money, money, money—and only a fraction of

'For nearly two years I washed dishes and worked as a waiter'

it really well spent. I've always thought I could spend money better than most people I've worked for—in relation to what appears on the screen.

"With *Zulu*, Cy and I had a chance to put our ideas into practice. And it worked. Despite great difficulties—working with hundreds of untrained Zulus every day and being behind with weather—we ended up on time and under budget. And we had a good box-office picture.

"It's the amount of detailed preparation and organisation that counts. It's the same with *Kalahari*. I like producing and acting because it means one is *totally* involved all the time. As an actor I hated all the free time I got between shots—when all one could do was play chess or a hand of poker.

"As for working myself to death—I'm enthusiastic, dedicated if you like, to this business. It *IS* my life. I can't remember when last I had a holiday, but, whenever it was, I remember I got nervous and bored. I'm far more relaxed when I'm totally involved in something creative.

"Mind you, it's not all work and no play. I like night life and gambling—as long as there's a film to go back to tomorrow morning."

Those Early Days

"*Do you think your annoyance over the appalling waste of money on some films stems from your early days in Wales when you were poor?*"

"I think it probably does. When you start off with nothing, then come into a lot as I have these last ten years, you get a far greater idea of its value than if you'd always been used to money.

"But don't get me wrong. This desire is not for economy. *Zulu* and *Kalahari* are big budget pictures. *Kalahari* cost 2½ million dollars. You try to set up a film like that in this country and some would think you were crazy. It's waste I'm against.

"As a producer I involve myself with everything. I arrange for the crews we will use. I try to get men I've met over the years, who I know will take a keen, personal interest in the film. I picked the crew for *Zulu* and 80 of them made themselves readily available for *Kalahari* because they so enjoyed working with us before.

"I pick the locations, too—with Cy, of course. During *Kalahari*, Cy and I took off four times to scout locations for our next, *When The Lion Feeds*. The business side is a relaxation from the acting side. I enjoy it immensely now—getting the equipment, the transport, organising the local labour, building contracts, the food contracts, dealing with Ministers of the Interior and so forth. No, it wasn't easy to make the change but I seemed to fall into it and I believe that if you enjoy something, you must be good at it.

"Sure, I invest my own money in the films. I don't commit myself right up to the hilt because I have a large family to think of, but I invested a lot in *Zulu*. It was our first production and although Joe Levine backed us for about £600,000, we had to show our own faith in ourselves. But the personal risk is less this time. We were in a better position to do a good deal after the success of *Zulu*."

Both Local Heroes

I asked Stanley if there was a sense of competition between himself and Richard Burton. "*You were child actors together in* The Druid's Rest; *you both come from South Wales, and you are both local heroes back home.*"

"Well, if there is any feeling of competition, it is subconscious. Maybe there is this feeling there because, as you say, we did start together and have been firm friends all our lives and work in the same business.

"There must be a slight edge to it somewhere along the line, but it's not very noticeable, either when we're together or apart. I hear Richard is going into production himself and I would be the first person to wish him luck. I am sure he will be a big success, because he also has the kind of mind that likes to be totally involved with any film he's doing."

"*You did try to get Richard and Elizabeth Taylor to star in* Kalahari. *What happened to prevent that?*"

"Well, they both wanted to do it, but they were asking too much. She wanted a million dollars and he was asking for half a million. And they wanted 20 per cent of the gross of the picture. Paramount was prepared to go as far as 12½ per cent, but was not prepared to pay the other 7½ per cent, so there was a sort of impasse and that was it!

"I'm glad in a way, because I would hate friendship to interfere with business. I would never let it in my own case under any circumstances."

I asked Stanley if ever, because of the vast amount of money he must be earning now, he had thought of seeking a tax "refuge" by setting up residence in Switzerland.

"No. Well, I've been tempted to. I could have done it ten years ago and made myself a lot of money. But, without being too goody-goody or anything, I really love living in Britain. I would hate to cut myself off in some Swiss chalet. I want my children to grow up here and be educated here. We have a way of life in this country which I think is better than anywhere else in the world. I don't want to live anywhere else, taxes or no taxes."

We talked of the tremendous difference the success of *Zulu* had made to his life. Stanley said he now had very little time to himself. "It's cut down my social life a lot and other things I like to do. But filming is what I *want* to do and it comes first."

"*Do you have any former drinking mates who suggest you've gone a bit high hat, because you don't see much of them these days?*"

"Oh yes, but the real friends don't, because they understand. One is sometimes accused of being aloof but it's only because you really haven't got the time, that's all."

Our time was running short so, finally, I asked Stanley what had been the worst time in his life and what he had learned from it.

'Absolutely Skint'

"Without doubt it was when I came out of the Army, full of enthusiasm to get back into acting and make my name. Although I'd made two films as a teenager and spent 2½ years with Birmingham Rep., no-one wanted to know. Everything fell flat.

"For nearly two years I was absolutely skint. I washed dishes at Lyons, sold socks at Selfridges, and worked as a waiter.

"After a year of that, I began to feel really frustrated and to doubt if I would ever make it. But something kept me trying. I don't really know what it was—a sort of inner confidence I suppose.

"I thought it had taught me nothing; but looking back I know it taught me patience—and resilience, which is most important in this business. At the end of that two years my belief in myself rather waned, but then I started getting a little work and I was all right."

"*When you hear some fellow actor bemoaning his fate, do you ever feel like telling him to stop moaning, grit his teeth and keep trying?*"

He laughed: "Well, I get tempted. But one doesn't want to be big-headed or pompous, so I say nothing. It wouldn't go down too well: wouldn't make him feel any better; and in any case, he wouldn't take any notice!"

That's Stanley Baker. Tough, uncompromising and a big success. But he certainly doesn't try to ram it down your throat.

He doesn't need to.

KIM ? She has her problems

Continued from page 9

unmarried for 32 years: "I'm not the marrying kind," she said. Until the mysterious Mr. Johnson came along.

So let's take a long, cool look at the one man in the world who could convince the reluctant Miss Novak to throw up her mink-lined spinsterhood for a set of marriage lines.

Five years older than Kim Novak, Johnson has a skinny, deeply-creased face that looks as if it has been learning a lot about living in the last 37 years. Black-brown eyes. A slow, quiet, sleepy voice that sounds as if it should be breathing Shakespearian lines—which in fact is what it has been doing up till now.

For Kim did not marry a much-ballyhooed, publicity-and-pasteboard "romantic" Hollywood idol. She married a respected, distinguished classical actor; a public schoolboy who started his acting career the hard way, doing the rounds of the repertory theatres at £1 10s. a week.

Eventually Johnson graduated upwards to a living wage and stardom in the Royal Shakespeare Company.

He married a pretty young actress called Sheila Sweet (they were divorced a year ago). They had three children. The talent scouts of the big movie companies, on the look out for new adrenalin to pump into jaded cinema audiences, took a close look at him and said: "That's our boy."

But, alas, what looked like the start to a rocketing film career fizzled away into a handful of thoroughly mediocre films. "I prefer to forget about those!" said Johnson. "*The Haunting*, which I did with Claire Bloom, wasn't bad—but the rest!"

"A Pretty Enviable Life!"

He rocked with laughter. He can afford to laugh these days. Suddenly the name Richard Johnson is becoming one of the most hotly tipped in the business. And that has nothing to do with his marriage.

Operation Crossbow established him as a new star and *The Amorous Adventures Of Moll Flanders*—in which he first met and starred with Kim—will, I predict, transform him into a star who raises the romantic pulse-rate to a new high.

It is obviously Richard Johnson's year. Yet he merely smiles and says with masterly understatement: "You could say I'm leading a pretty enviable life!"

There are, however, as always, some tiny flies in the ointment. And most of them are side-effects of his marriage. "I had worked in Hollywood before I met Kim, but I find things are rather different now. I've never before been really involved with some of the lies and gossip which surround big stars. I'm amazed at the stories that go around about me. But then I'm used to being criticised!"

He is very frank about his wife. Their first meeting was over lunch just before they began filming *Moll Flanders*. The lunch was heavy with suspicion—both sizing each other up cautiously.

Kim says: "I remember thinking, '*Well he's about the right height for a leading man and his colouring is good. It should complement mine*'."

Obviously they complemented each other in other ways. Johnson says fondly: "Kim, you know, is the most marvellously sensitive actress I have ever met. When she's acting, her whole way of moving, talking, thinking, reacts to what you're doing."

Johnson spoke meditatively. "Kim has problems. She started as a star. Most people start at the bottom. An actor can make his mistakes in repertory and learn from them. She's made her mistakes in public, which has been very hard on her."

Suddenly, you understand why the apparently safe, secure, envied star chose Johnson as her husband. He clearly knows her well as a sometimes rather scared, very emotional, extremely dependent person.

"Kim is far from being a hard, tough person after all her years at the top. She is, in fact, very easily hurt, very vulnerable. And very emotional. You know, it's funny, people think they can say to film stars rude, hurtful things they wouldn't dream of saying to ordinary people. And yet, because actors and actresses are sensitive people, they can be even more deeply hurt by unjustified criticism."

Through Kim, Johnson is seeing more of the frantic, turbulent gold-fish bowl which is Hollywood at the top. "Movies are controlled by bankers who are interested only in box-office takings. A star like Kim can have only three failures—and she's finished. It's an absolute tightrope.

"She works terribly hard at being a star. And my God, you have to. All your energy goes into it. Because of this, I feel I must be prepared to let Kim get away with a lot of things. Tantrums, temperamental outbursts. Nothing harmful, of course. I'd put my foot down on that."

Fame—Without the Stares

One thing he has not been able to put his foot down about is Kim's hair-raising penchant for driving very fast from her dazzling concrete-and-glass home overlooking the Pacific to the Hollywood studios and back. "She drives hundreds of miles there and back and does a full day's work in between. It worries me sometimes, but she doesn't seem to think anything of it!"

He and Kim have just finished a gruelling tour of the States publicising *Moll Flanders*. Always surrounded by curious crowds of people, they sustain each other with the private jokes of a couple in love.

"For instance," says Johnson, "we've worked out a secret code for when we have to agree with pompous people. We do a sort of military salute—only we disguise it so it looks as though we're pushing back hair from our foreheads."

Johnson may be known to the theatrical elite but he is not used to being stared at. "There was a time in the theatre when I used to get peeved if people didn't recognise me at the stage door. Now I know what it's like, I don't want it."

But surely, if he wants to be a big international star, he also wants the flattery of recognition? He smiles patiently. "No. I would like, ideally, to be famous, but unrecognisable in the street. That's why I want to write and direct my own films.

"I don't want the same things as Kim does in her career, so I'm not envious of her particular level of stardom.

"Now, if I were the conventional-style Hollywood actor, things might be different . . . I might resent her then."

But Johnson knows full well that no marriage has a ghost of a chance when it is a competitive race between the two partners and one has a head start. In this, lies his strength.

Novak is no ordinary, fly-by-night star. Johnson is no ordinary up-and-coming film actor. He stands on his own, secure in his talent, his maturity, his deep understanding of the girl who hides under the fuss and frills of stardom.

Kim herself recognises this strength. "Richard is a man," she says. "I have met many men at his age who are really just schoolboys. I need someone like Richard. And every minute with him is an exciting one."

Already the snipers are at work. "They're already inventing quarrels we're supposed to be having and saying our marriage can't last," says Johnson.

Luckily, snipers don't always hit their targets. And I'm betting they'll miss the mark this time. Certainly no one will be calling Richard Johnson *Mr. Novak* again—even by accident. He's just not that kind of man.

FABULOUS NEW COMPETITION

CHOOSE YOUR OWN WARDROBE

—50 Delightful

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OF LONDON

dresses to be won

MANY fashion-conscious girls dream of an opportunity to select a whole wardrobe of clothes from a fabulous collection. In this new competition, Showtime gives you a chance to make that dream come true.

The winner of the contest will be invited to visit Lee Cecil's London showroom where she can select ten dresses of her choice. Cocktail gowns, informal dresses and day dresses are available from the collection. And don't worry if you live out of London. If that is the case you will be invited to town for the day—all expenses paid.

If the winner is a male he will be invited to

Continued overleaf

Showtime's models:
THE BAKER TWINS.

SHOWTIME'S
What's New, Pussycat? CONTEST

What's New, Pussycat? Contest

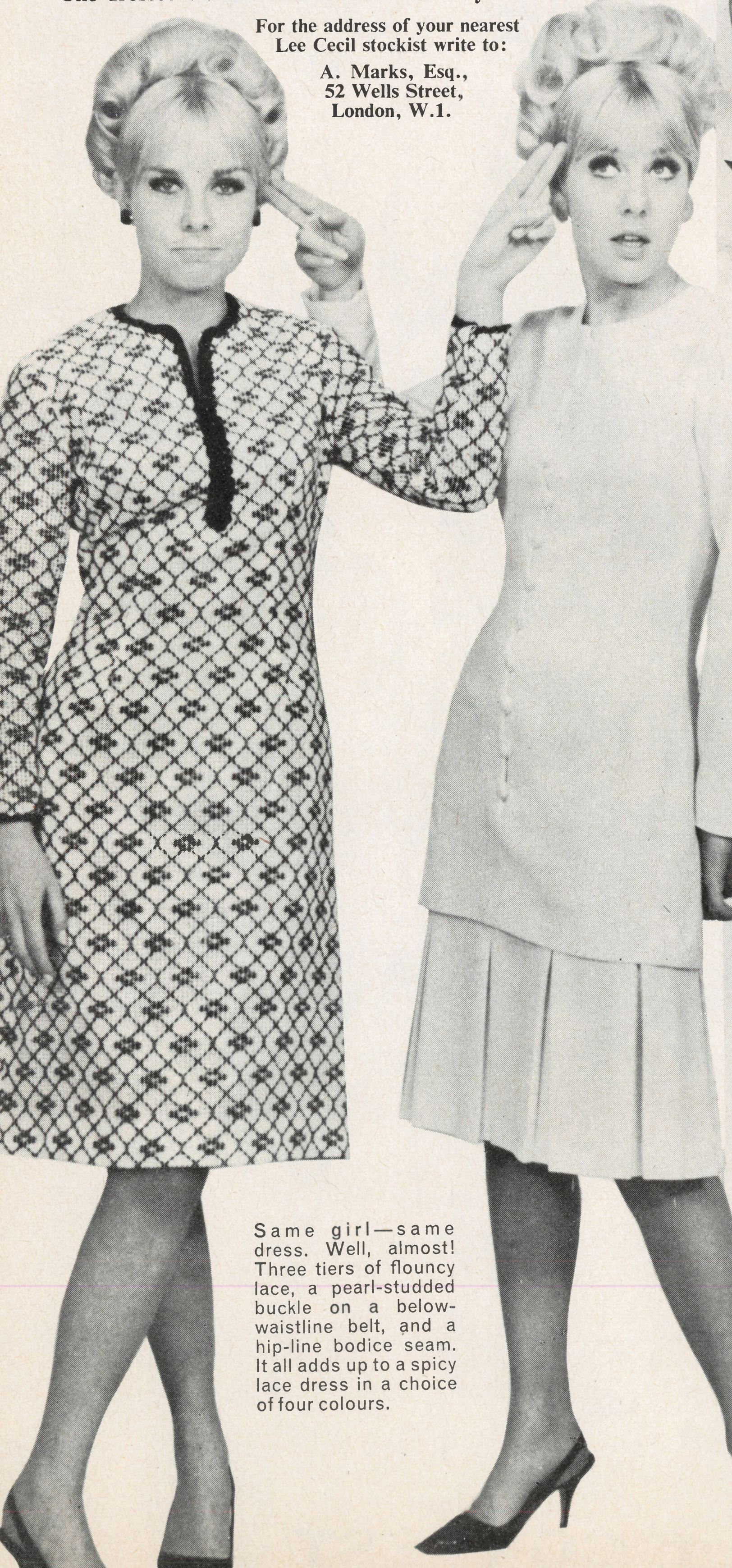
bring his girlfriend, or wife, or whoever he wishes to have the prize.

Consolation prizes? There are no less than 40 Lee Cecil dresses to be won. Sizes range from 36 to 40 hip.

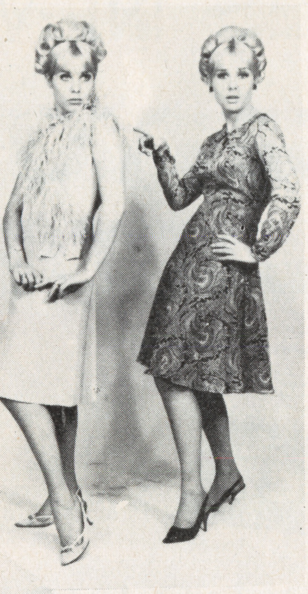
On this and the previous page you can see just a small selection of the vast range from which the winner can pick. The dresses are modelled for Showtime by the Baker Twins.

For the address of your nearest Lee Cecil stockist write to:

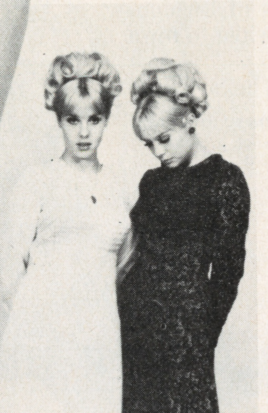
A. Marks, Esq.,
52 Wells Street,
London, W.1.



Same girl—same dress. Well, almost! Three tiers of flouncy lace, a pearl-studded buckle on a below-waistline belt, and a hip-line bodice seam. It all adds up to a spicy lace dress in a choice of four colours.



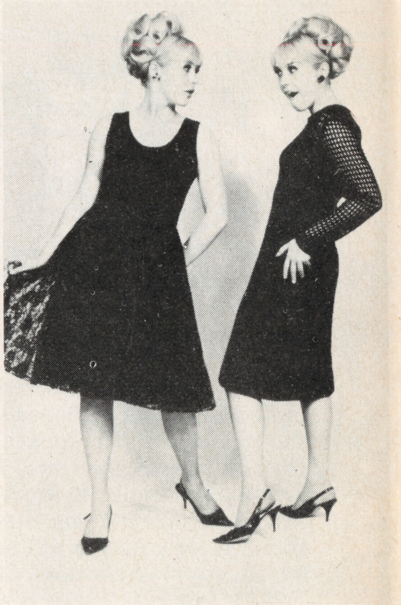
Left: Warmly—but smartly—dressed for cold winter days, in two dresses from Lee Cecil's autumn collection. Jennifer wears an Eastern-inspired two-piece (the skirt is attached to a chemise) in traditional wool. Susan is in an attractive open-work dress in man-made Orlon.



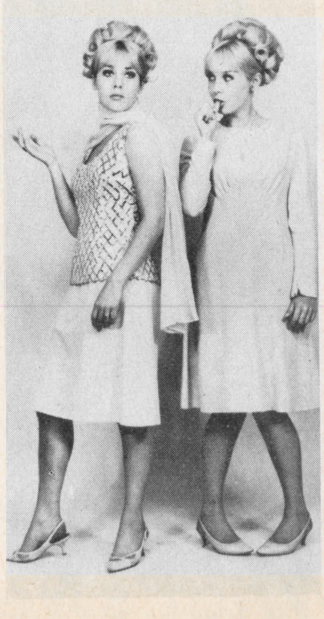
Above: Smocks were the rage this summer. But, as you can see, the smock has lost its milk-maid look for Lee Cecil's autumn collection, and emerges as a sophisticated dress that doesn't restrict the style to slim under-20's. Susan's smock (right) is in a lovely predominantly green and blue print on brushed rayon. Jennifer's is made in palest pink georgette.

Left: Elegance is the key-word for the Lee Cecil collection. Susan (right) wears a delicate navy-and-white Paisley chiffon dress with a bias-cut swirly skirt and long sleeves. Jennifer, swathed in ostrich feathers which trim the crossed-over bodice on this aquamarine dress, looks strikingly feminine.

Below: Two very different—but equally stunning—examples of the indispensable "little black dress." Susan's (right) is a modified version of a man's string vest! Pleated black lace makes the swinging skirt on Jennifer's dress; the crepe bodice has a deep neckline.



Below: A hint of the 1940's in these two! Susan (right) wears a crepe dress with a flaring skirt and diamond-shaped smocking on the bodice. It comes in many pastel shades—pale pink, sky blue, aquamarine, cream and peppermint. A mass of pink sequins for the extended bodice on Jennifer's dazzling dress. There is also a head-hugging sequin-studded hat for the girl with cropped hair who really wants to make a hit.



This is what you have to do to enter

ON this page you will see several scenes from the new Peter Sellers-Peter O'Toole comedy, *What's New, Pussycat?*

On the coupon below you will find a caption for each picture. All you have to do is use your skill and judgment in deciding which captions are the funniest and place them in order of preference. For instance, if you think caption C is the most amusing and appropriate put 1 in the space provided. If F is your next choice put 2, and so on until you have placed the six captions in order.

An expert panel will judge all entries received. The decision of the judges will be legally binding and no correspondence can be entered into regarding the competition.

Employees of Sackville Publishing Limited, Rank Theatre Division Limited, Lee Cecil Limited and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest. All entries must be received not later than Monday, 25th October.

A		I said spare him—not spear him!
B		For the last time—what have you done with my trousers?
C		I only asked for room service!
D		Did someone call a waiter?
E		Somebody isn't using. . .
F		Damn it, I told you my parents were different!

Send entry to: What's New, Pussycat? Contest,

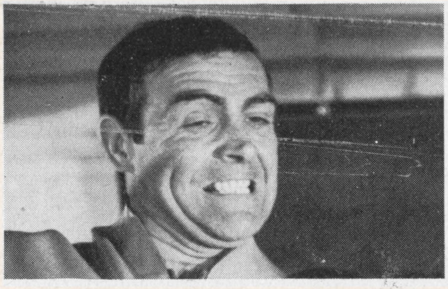
Showtime,
Furnival House,
14-18 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Name……………………………………

Address……………………………………

SEANSATIONAL

Continued from page 23



As always, Ken's toys are something special. "Ingenious, not distracting," is his motto. This year's crop includes:—

- SPECTRE'S yacht. *Disco Volante*, a veritable floating penthouse—able to eject its rear, turning into a full-sized hydrocoil, capable of moving at 95 mph!
- A rocket-firing BSA motor-bike—an extension of Fleming's original idea. So is the rider. He is now a *she*. But of course!
- A two-man diving-bell, operating deep down in 15 fathoms . . . huge underwater "wet-sub" water-sleds to carry the stolen H-bombs . . . a luxury swimming pool where a door lets in hungry sharks . . . and a recently developed land-to-air rescue device (Operation Skyhook) that snatches a man into the air at 180 mph. A woman, too, in this case.

Not forgetting Bond's marvellous Aston Martin DB5, which has more added refinements this time. Cost, by the way, to mere mortals like you and me: £8,000! Though Cdr. Bond also uses an even more remarkable form of transport: a rocket-belt machine which makes him fly—"just like *Mary Poppins*" as one wag put it.

Producer Kevin McClory explains: "This time Bond is a bigger superman than he ever has been. Bigger than he ought to be."

Essential Bond Image

Well, you can't keep a good man down. And they don't come any better than Sean Connery. Now one of the world's top three male stars, he commands the highest salaries in or out of his 007 suit. He deserves it all, too. For his is the essential Bond image. No-one else dare make a Bond film without him—as Mr. McClory originally intended to do with *Thunderball*, before coming to terms with Eon.

Your Bond has to be the best possible star, in order to hold his own amid all this gimmickry. Otherwise he suffers the fate of Dr. Who—forgotten in the wake of the Daleks.

No-one can forget James Bond, however. The only fictional hero to have been attacked by both the Vatican and the Kremlin, he's still invincible as he begins his latest adventures . . . in Paris this time.

This is where the film began—on location at a chateau, suitably remote to make sure the eight days' shooting of the hilarious pre-credit sequence remained the biggest secret of the year.

Now it can be told . . . about Bond's uproarious fight with a widow in her weeds. A sobbing widow who turns out to be yet another vile enemy—played by stunt ace Bob Simmons. Their fight is one of the best in Bond history. But that isn't all . . .

Having strangled "Mme. Bob" with a handy poker, James literally takes off with his jet-powered back-pack, flies out of the chateau, lands by his car, uses the vehicle's water-spray attachment to knock down the rest of the gang, before nipping off very smartly with his lusciously nubile Japanese girlfriend, Mitsouko . . .!

And the real film hasn't even started yet . . .

A Soothing Glove

Back in Britain, Bond accidentally stumbles across a SPECTRE man, when recuperating from his daredevil life in a nature clinic. Bond is tortured here. Horribly, on the traction-machine. And very nicely, thank you, by the pretty "physical"-therapist Patricia (Mollie Peters)—who uses a mink glove, and very little else, to massage Bond's tensions away!

Next stop—the Bahamas, where his team includes his old CIA buddy, Felix Leiter (Rik Van Nutter), and a curvy Bahamian girl-agent, Paula (Martine Beswick). Then in from London, looking every inch a typical Ministry man in his long short trousers, comes "Q" (Desmond Llewellyn), with another caseful of gimmicks . . . and pained expressions.

Bond doesn't have to look far for trouble. She finds him. She is Fiona—a very exciting form of villainess that even Ian Fleming didn't dream up. Her role in the book was a man. But Bond and girls are inseparable. So *he* became Luciana Paluzzi—a stunning Italian star who wins an Eon contract as a result of her performance.

Her job is simple: *Kill Bond*. And having already disposed of one treacherous SPECTRE agent, via her rocket-firing motor-bike, she feels she should have little trouble. So there she is lying in her bath. In walks James. Says Fiona: "Pass me something to slip on." Always the gentleman, Bond hands over . . . her slippers!

Even so, she manages to give him a rough time—with the help of her three cronies (Phillip Locke, Michael Brennan and Bill Baskerville—who is actually Connery's stand-in). All four give poor Paula a rough time, too. Rather than talk—she kills herself.

By now, Bond has met his top girl of 1965—Dominetta Vitale ("Domino" to her friends). She's the actress-mistress of the SPECTRE man in charge of the H-Bomber ransom coup, Emilio Largo.

French star Claudine Auger—a radiant beauty—is Domino, in a variety of super clothes, from very revealing swimsuits (all net and Claudine) to ravishing evening (and night) wear. She must be Bond's peachiest capture!

And the man playing Largo, who has to follow Gert Frobe's huge impact last year, is Italian star Adolfo Celi.

"It's all rather coincidental," laughs Adolfo. "I read *Thunderball*, quite by chance, on a flight from New York to Madrid last year. I'd seen the Bond films but never read one of the books. I liked it and thought I'd like to play Largo. But it was absurd: I didn't know anyone even remotely connected with the makers. Twenty days later I was told Mr. Saltzman wanted to see me in Paris . . .

"Largo," he goes on, "is very different from Goldfinger. Largo is nice because he is not a conventional villain. Goldfinger was quite mad in his way: astute, yes, but mad. Largo is charming, dirty, tragic, at different times. He plays a cat and mouse game with Bond, and his relationship with Bond and Domino is very wordly—until she tricks him and becomes Bond's girl. Then Largo goes mad. Wouldn't you?"

Try To Top This!

Bond's adventures in the Bahamas—underwater and on dry land—really defy description. They'll have to be seen to be believed. Then they won't be, though they'll certainly be enjoyed.

The grand finale, for example, is obviously destined to go down in film-history as the most super-colossal spectacle of all time. Largo's SPECTRE gang is on the run in its fleet of vessels . . . when Bond and the Para-rescue-men of the USAF swarm in.

These "acqua-paras" parachute down from planes . . . releasing their chutes seconds before hitting the sea . . . then, diving straight down, continuing as frogmen . . . for the biggest underwater battle ever imagined.

No doubt about it: Messrs. Saltzman and Broccoli, Young and Connery, Fleming and Maibaum, Adams and Simmons, and all the others concerned in the licensed-to-thrill Bond-bonanzas, have done it again.

But I wish they'd tell me how they can top this one. We'll know soon. By the time *Thunderball* goes on release in January, they'll be starting on the fifth film, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, in Switzerland. I can't wait . . .

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FROM BRUNETTE TO BLONDE (OR VICE-VERSA)

Continued from page 28

Any girl who has tried it will tell you a new hair colour can be great fun. It boosts the morale . . .

Screen newcomer Mollie Peters, who plays one of James Bond's girlfriends in *Thunderball*, was a natural brunette when she was tested for the role. She passed the test with ease—but they wanted a blonde. So Mollie, not without misgivings, went blonde.

Since most girls have qualms when making such a drastic change, it's interesting to note that Mollie's fears were completely unfounded.

"I was worried that I would look a cheap 'bleached blonde,' but it wasn't so at all," she says. "Today's dyes are so good that you look quite natural."

She was also afraid that her hair would become dry and brittle with the change but, acting on the advice of the studio hairdresser, she gave herself an oil treatment every two weeks and, despite the frequent colouring needed to keep her hair exactly the same shade for many months of filming, she found that her hair stayed in excellent condition.

Mollie had another fear: that becoming a blonde would mean new clothes and cosmetics. But, following good advice, she chose from the large range of hair colours available a shade of blonde that suited her skin. Now she can still wear the same clothes and cosmetics. For the time being Mollie is happily staying blonde—but with one reservation: "It's not true that gentlemen prefer blondes. I got just as many wolf whistles when I was a brunette!"

Like the stars, you may wish to change the colour of your hair because it is too dull or mousy; or you may wish to become a blonde, brunette or redhead simply to "change your role." And why not? A new hair colouring can give you an entirely different personality. It can also be great fun and good for the morale.

But there is a bewildering array of hair colouring available, and a little guidance is advisable. There are also a few sensible rules as to what, and what not, to do.

TYPE OF TINT

There are three main types of hair colouring: (1) temporary colour rinses; (2) semi-permanent tints; (3) permanent dyes. A rinse will not give you a drastic change in colour, but it will gently highlight your hair and add a new depth of tone. Most important of all—if you don't like it you can always wash it out.

Most rinses are in a concentrated form, which only requires diluting with hot water to make it ready for use. The depth of colour will vary according to the amount of water you add. If you are not sure which shade suits you, test a little on a clipping of your hair first.

Normally, rinses only "coat" the hair, but if your hair has been dyed or bleached before, it will be more absorbent. If this is the case, don't make the colour too deep to begin with; you can easily deepen it later.

A semi-permanent hair tint usually lasts for about four to eight washes, fading slightly each time the hair is washed. Permanent dyes fade very gradually, and they need retouching carefully near the scalp from time to time. However, there are many dyes that fall between the semi-permanent and permanent groups which last through eight to ten shampoos. They are easier to apply than the permanent dyes; you simply sponge them on to your hair when damp. And you can buy them in a large range of colours.

CHOOSING A SHADE

If you are simply highlighting your own natural colour, it is no problem. But if you wish to make a drastic change, from blonde to brunette, or vice-versa, try on a wig first to see how you'll look. Most large salons have them in stock.

Once having determined that you can change the colour of your hair, choose the shade with care, keeping in mind your natural colouring and complexion. Remember, the shade should harmonize. As the range of shades is large, finding one to suit your individual colouring should not be difficult. However, if you are in doubt, don't be afraid to seek advice.

WHEN—AND WHEN NOT—TO DYE YOUR HAIR

If you want good results when dyeing or colouring your hair, be sure that it is in good condition. If, for instance, you have had a fuzzy permanent the ends will be highly porous, and the results are likely to be patchy. Continuous hair colouring need not be harmful, but it is unwise to change frequently from, say, blonde to brunette and back again. This can make the hair very dry and split the ends.

GENERAL TIPS

Always follow the manufacturer's instructions carefully; they know what they're talking about.

If you apply your own hair colour, always use a three-way mirror so you can see what you are doing. If you can't see, the result will be uneven and patchy. Best of all, get a girlfriend to help. Even a professional hesitates to do the back of her own hair.

If you are a brunette, and you wish to darken your hair even more, remember to choose a shade slightly lighter than the one you want. Dark on dark could come out looking black.

Finally, if you have any doubts about what hair colouring can do for you, keep a close watch next time you go to the cinema. See what beautiful hair does for the actresses in the films. It may be their own colour, or their hair may have been improved. These days you simply can't tell!

Pictures of Mollie Peters (pages 28-29) taken at the Skyway Hotel, opposite London Airport.

BASS

Continued from page 31

it modern," he explains, "making it clear this was not a film of a Biblical age exodus."

The picture was, of course, about the struggles of the Jewish people to establish their own country of Israel. "To me," says Bass, "this had certain parallels with the American foothold in the West. But it had something the West didn't have—a spiritual overtone. The reaching hands are my attempt to imply spirituality."

How did Bass start in the business that he went on to revolutionise? Strangely enough, he's not too sure!

A top graphic designer in America for many years, his first movie work was on *Carmen Jones* for Otto Preminger in 1955. Bass was called in to design a motif for use on all publicity material connected with the film. Preminger liked his flaming rose emblem so much, he got Bass to tackle the credits.

Since then, of course, Bass and Preminger have become inseparable. "But I'm not too sure how we actually came together," says Bass with a smile. "I know Max Youngstein, then a top executive with United Artists and now a producer, had something to do with it. But whether he suggested me to Preminger, or Preminger suggested me to Youngstein, I never did discover."

Credit-titles Arrive

Not that it matters today. The two men met. And while Preminger ran into censor trouble and world-fame with his outspoken films, Bass also soared to fame. And credit-titles had really arrived. This for so long "dead" period of a film was suddenly very much alive.

No longer was the listing of the talents involved in the making of the film just a dreary roll-call of actors, sound-recordists, hair-stylists, writers, producers and directors.

"I try to take this dead period and set up the audience for what they're going to see and hear," says Bass. "I'm not trying to orient them story-wise, but make them expectant so that when the picture opens—they're ready."

Not all of Bass's credits are at the beginning of the film, however. Two at least, came just as powerfully at the end.

West Side Story ended in stark tragedy. So rather than break the doleful mood of the audience, Bass had his credits simply—and quietly—chalked on walls in his epilogue sequence. "I had to kind of gently let them work their way out of it," he comments, "instead of literally coming on with a brass band like in *Around The World In 80 Days*."

For this Mike Todd epic, Bass had used the epilogue idea for the first time—because the film was so long and the list of stars and credits so vast, "it needed something different." His idea was a set of brilliant caricatures. This six-minute item cost some £20,000 to make (not counting his own hefty fee) and won Bass awards galore.

Bass, naturally enough, enjoys his fame. At times he is greeted abroad by cheering crowds as if he were a film star. Yet he hates being singled out for praise by film critics.

When this happens—as it did in the case of his famous cat credits in *Walk On The Wild Side*—he feels it is only because the critics had some grudge against the director.

Many people have said that *Wild Side* was the only example of Bass's breaking his first rule—and actually detracting from the film. I don't agree; neither does he. Though, like everyone else, I agree that his credits were much better than the film which followed.

"The cat fitted the mood perfectly," maintains Bass. "The story, you'll recall, was about a New Orleans house of prostitution. The cat then was the symbol of the basic variability, ferocity and changeability of the women who were the central characters. So the cat was right for the mood and the theme.

"Now if I had used, say, a tumbling act, simply because I had access to such an act, and several wild ideas of filming them, and because for a split second or two a tumbling act was seen somewhere in the background of one scene in the film, then I would NOT have been true to the film's mood or theme."

The cat sequence has long intrigued me, so I asked more about its conception. "The idea was first tried out with a 16mm. camera on the family cat." Bass recalls. "You could talk to that cat and it would do anything—mew or lick its chops—on command. This led me to think it would be easy to use it with a full Hollywood crew at work. But before we could film it, our cat died. You can imagine the trouble we had finding its ghost!

"The sequence took us three or four days to shoot. The fight had to be faked. In fact, only once did the cats come into contact—when one was thrown on to the other and they rolled over. The rest was done by holding them with gloves and passing them over each other's heads, and catching their snarls.

"When you move in on a cat and get a real close-up of nothing but the snarling mouth, the animal becomes a prehistoric, sabre-toothed tiger. Yet when you move back and see it in normal scale, it's just a playful little kitten!"

These days Bass is changing increasingly from animated titles (*The Cardinal; It's A Mad, Mad, Mad World*) to live-action prologues—like the cat.

For these live-action prologues, Bass works with his own camera-crew and shoots exactly what he wants. Like the maze of hurried, frenzied streets for Carroll Baker's *Something Wild*—and before that, the rolling stage-coach in William Wyler's *The Big Country*.

"I wanted that coach to be lost in clouds of dust," he recalled with a quiet smile. "But it was impossible. It had been raining in the location area and there was just no dust! So I sent into the nearest town and bought up all the bags of flour available. These were fixed to the back and sides of the coach and were poured out to give me all the dust clouds I wanted!"

As filming intrigued him more and more, Bass went a step further and became a visual-consultant on films. "But not any more," he says. "The title is too vague." His work in this capacity included staging one of the *Spartacus* battles; devising the helicopter opening to *West Side Story;* and setting-up the Janet Leigh stabbing-scene in Hitchcock's *Psycho*. "I had wanted a bloodless killing," says Bass. "With just the blood going down the shower-drain. Hitchcock added the knife in the belly."

Today Bass has turned full circle—and is directing films of his own. Not features—as yet. But from what I have seen of his documentaries, it should not be long before some canny producer gives him a film to make.

Two superb documentaries were made for screening at last year's New York World's Fair. For one, *The Seeing Eye*, which could end up over here as a supporting feature, he uses both wide and normal size screens.

He also directed the young boy in the film with distinct finesse. "Yes, I found the boy; discovered him, if you like. He's called Sandy Lane. Had several enquiries about him—and now he's got a film contract. The Tarzan-films' producer, Sol Lessor, came out of retirement especially to sign him up!"

Bass is also responsible for a fantastic sand-castle in one scene of the film. "Oh, I'm big with sand-castles," he grins.

Saul Bass is big in anything; Credit-titles, special visual effects, poster and TV advertising, designing bottles for oil and tins for fish, planning World's Fair pavilions and kiddies' playgrounds, making sand-castles—and discovering new stars. Hail Bass, King of the Titlists.

Saul Bass, the man who brought life to the credit-titles, is pictured at work. He is always very critical of his titles and often scraps ideas.

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Directed by
ANTHONY MANN

Music by
DIMITRI TIOMKIN

Original Screenplay by BEN BARZMAN · BASILIO FRANCHINA · PHILIP YORDAN
Production Designers COLASANTI and MOORE Executive Associate Producer MICHAEL WASZYNSKI
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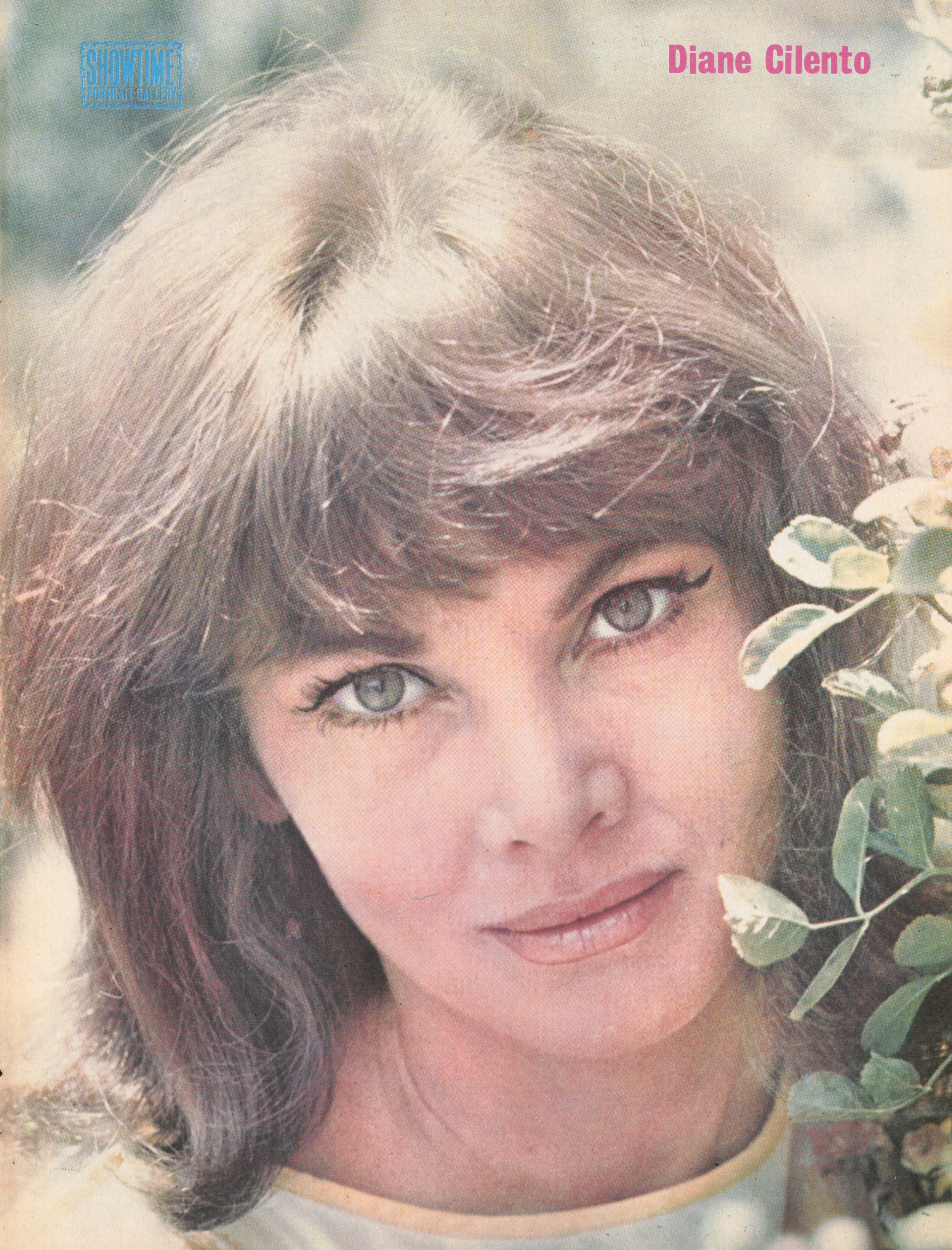

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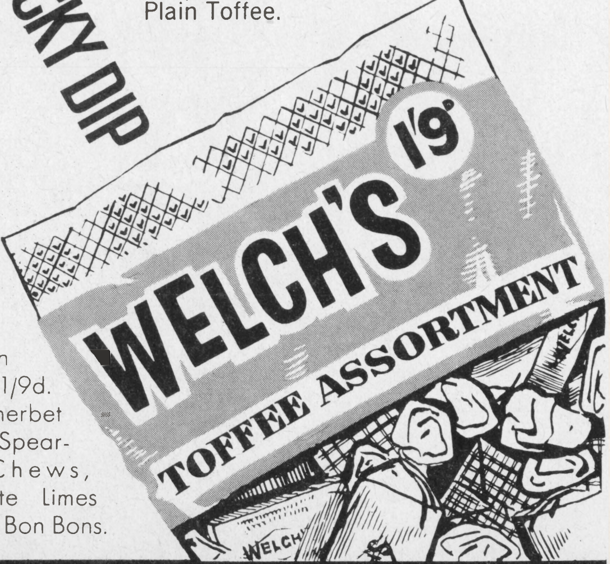

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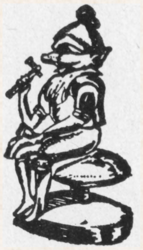

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KATRINA and the stars

ARIES *22nd March to 20th April*

There will be a certain degree of difficulty to face during October both in personal and money matters. There should be one or two interesting personal letters which will lead to a journey or a renewal of an old friendship.

TAURUS *21st April to 21st May*

Social life will be better during this month than it has been for a long time. You will meet with greater co-operation in business. Health prospects are good. In personal finance the situation is favourable for business speculations and gambles.

GEMINI *22nd May to 21st June*

You are now entering a lucky period in regard to money matters. There could be wins in competitions, and in business there could be some form of actual promotion. However, there are one or two tricky situations with relatives and friends.

CANCER *22nd June to 23rd July*

Home ties and dealing with children can bring emotional tension and strain. There are one or two relatives who can be difficult to deal with; they will try your patience and temper. A good time for travel.

LEO *24th July to 23rd August*

In money matters, employment or business deals, this month is fortunate. You could expect some form of promotion or extra duties with some reward. The first two weeks are very good for relaxation and holidays.

VIRGO *24th August to 23rd Sept.*

This is inclined to be a rather tricky month and will need a great deal of attention if some emotional trouble is to be avoided. Special attention must be paid to any friendships with Aries or Leo because quarrels may easily develop.

LIBRA *24th Sept. to 23rd Oct.*

This should be a very good month for romance and friendship and for those planning engagements or marriages. There is a tendency to mix well with those from Taurus and Gemini, but misunderstandings may arise with Aries.

SCORPIO *24th Oct. to 22nd Nov.*

There is a danger of some form of jealousy developing. It is better to be less possessive and jealous and give way a little on minor points. It is a very good month for business matters and special business deals.

SAGITTARIUS *23rd Nov. to 22nd Dec.*

This is a month in which a check must be kept on nervous tension and emotional strain. There is a tendency to keep matters too much to oneself thus creating resentment which is bad for both general happiness and health. It would pay to be more forgiving.

CAPRICORN *23rd Dec. to 20th Jan.*

It is the little things this month which tend to go wrong and test your temper and endurance. Don't be afraid to ask advice from those trusted or in a position of authority. It is a reasonably good time for money matters and in speculations it is possible that a good win may be accomplished.

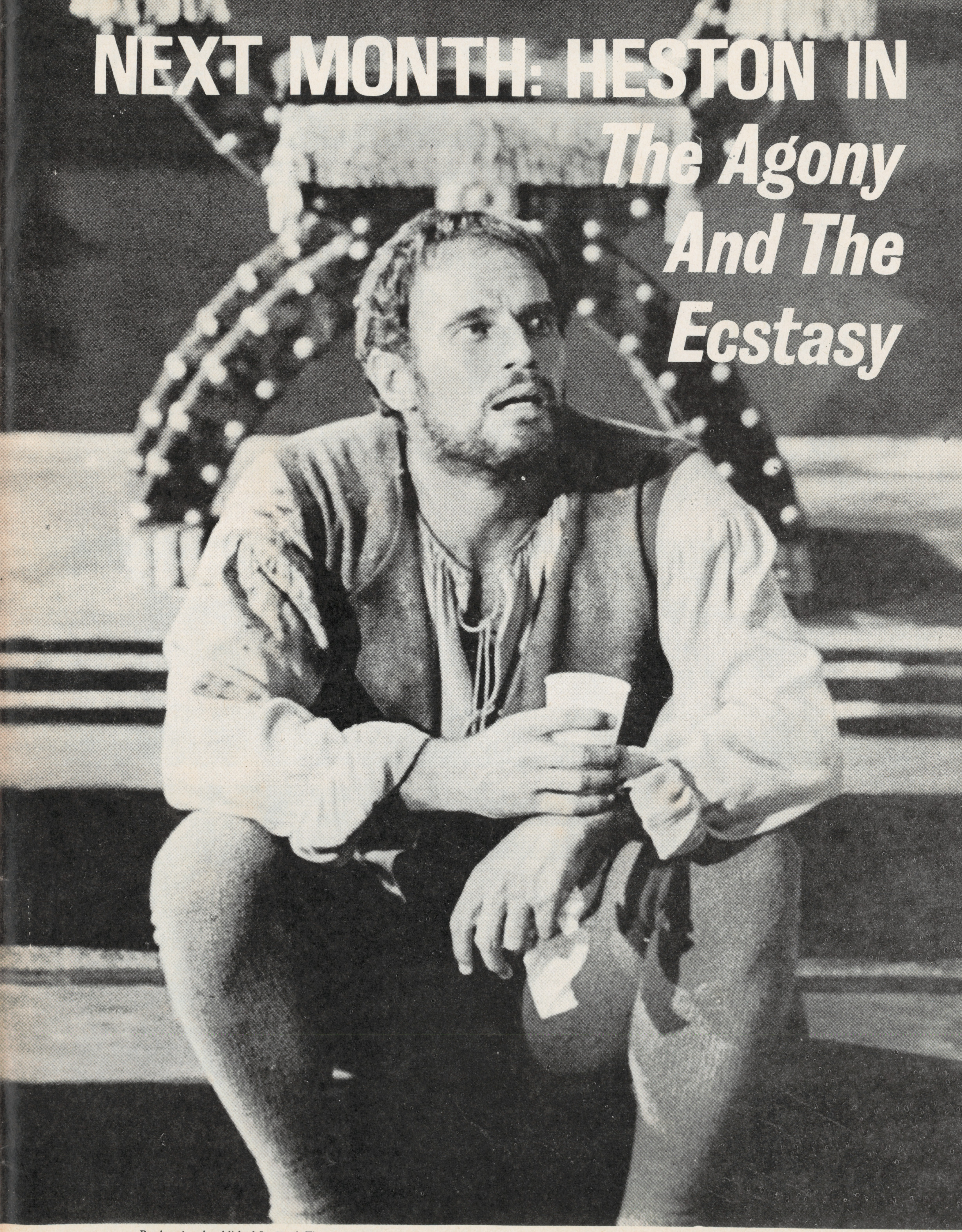
AQUARIUS *21st Jan. to 19th Feb.*

The general situation is a little confused. It would appear that some people are putting obstacles in your way. Finances are fairly good and health has improved considerably.

PISCES *20th Feb. to 21st March*

There is a very complicated pattern about all personal events this month. This may even include the way a loved one speaks to you and it would be better to treat criticisms with a smile. Letters are of special importance and one of them comes from a long distance.

NEXT MONTH: HESTON IN *The Agony And The Ecstasy*



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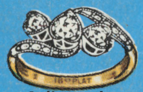

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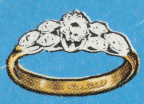

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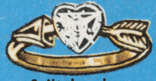

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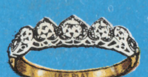

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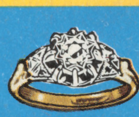

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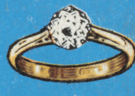

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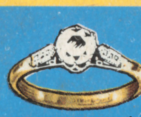

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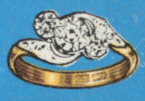

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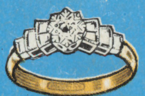

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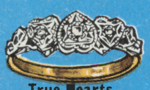

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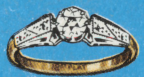

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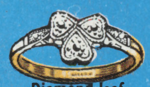

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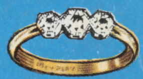

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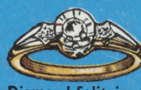

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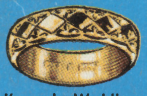

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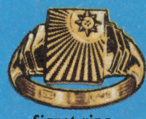

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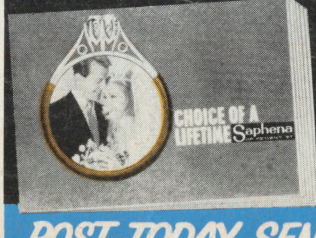

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